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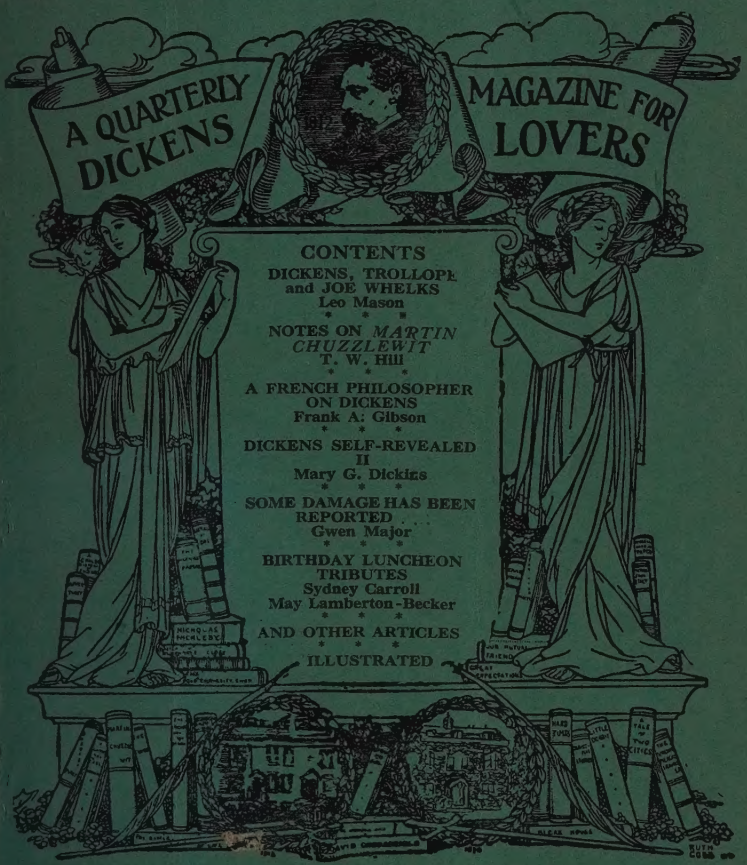

EDITED BY LESLIE C. STAPLES

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Temporary Addresses are no longer in use.

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27 New Oxford Street,

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First Editions of the Works of Charles Dickens, including Presentation Copies; also Manuscripts, Autograph Letters for Sale

The Dickens Fellowship

LONDON MEETINGS

June 9th—The 76th Anniversary of the Death of Charles Dickens. A wreath will be laid on the grave in Westminster Abbey by kind permission of the Dean. Meet inside the West Door at 9.30 a.m.

A Ramble, conducted by Geo. F. Young, will follow. Meet outside the West Door at 10 a.m.

June 21st-24th—**ANNUAL CONFERENCE.**

Arranged by Mrs. Jane Bacon.

July 13th—"In and out of Chepe." Mrs. Gwen Major. Meet Mansion House, 2.30 p.m.

August 3rd—"Round About Bishopsgate." Lt.-Col. W. M. H. Spiller. Meet St. Katherine Cree, Leadenhall Street, 2.30 p.m.

Sept. 14th—"Around Old Hampstead." Percy Merriman. Meet Hampstead Tube Station, 2.30 p.m.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

All communications should NOW be addressed to The Dickens House, 48 Doughty Street, London, W.C.1.

Temporary addresses are no longer in use.

1836 . . . the dawn of an epoch. The Hanoverian Period, with its background of plot and intrigue, was drawing to a close; in London a girl who was to be Queen and Empress was still close-guarded at Kensington Palace. But the railway, herald of the industrial revolution, had already arrived and, in 1836, the Westminster Bank was founded to provide the banking service which the new era required and from that date onwards the Bank has continued to serve the needs of both industry and the individual.

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

Mr. Pickwick's Greetings at Doughty Street

By Charles Buchel

The Dickens House reopens on June 22nd, 1946

From the original drawing presented to The Dickens House
by "The Sphere"

THE DICKENSIAN

SUMMER NUMBER

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WHEN FOUND—

The Dickens House. On June 22nd, within a fortnight of the 21st Anniversary of its opening by the late Lord Birkenhead in 1925, the Dickens House will be formally declared re-opened. Thus will end six anxious years, during which the danger of destruction both by enemy action and by financial instability was ever present. By the dispensation of Providence the former eventuality came no nearer to reality than broken glass and fallen plaster. Our feelings at the ceremony on June 22nd will be of profound and devout thankfulness. The accompanying illustration shows the House when it was an Air Raid Wardens' Post at the beginning of the war. In the centre is Miss D. L. Minards, our Assistant Secretary for so many years, whom pre-war visitors will be delighted to find installed at her desk once more when they re-visit the House.

* * * * *

Conference. These lines will be read by their British readers but a few days before the opening of the first full-scale Conference of The Dickens Fellowship to be held since the war. To all members who are visiting us in London we extend the most cordial of welcomes. Every effort has been made to ensure that the 1946 Conference shall emulate its pre-war predecessors, but food and labour shortages have prevented the complete fulfilment of our hopes. To those unable to secure tickets and to those more fortunate ones who find their elation tempered by the lingering austerities, we offer assurances that everything possible has been done to provide for as many delegates as possible and as generously as the present difficult times will permit.

* * * * *

Urgent! The primary business before Conference will be the future of the Dickens House. In the new world that has opened with the end of the war, a world of enhanced prices, it would be foolish to think that the Dickens House can pursue the precarious financial path to which it was condemned before the war. The appeal which resulted in its purchase and opening in 1925 was supported solely by members of The Dickens Fellowship. Hopes of an Endowment Fund from a wider appeal to the public were disappointed. The income, produced by entrance fees, sales of souvenirs,

rents received from The Dickens Fellowship and *The Dickensian* and from the tenants of the house next door, which had also been purchased (a mortgage still exists), was barely sufficient for running expenses. When repairs and redecorations became necessary, special appeals had to be made to members.

* * * * *

The Friends of The Dickens House. When the war broke out in 1939 all income ceased and had it not been for the subscriptions of the Friends of The Dickens House, solvency throughout the war period would not have been possible. Friends annually subscribe sums of their own choosing; the usual amount is five shillings, sometimes less, sometimes sums up to two or three guineas. Many of our branches have constituted themselves Friends in addition to numbers of their individual members, and subscribe a guinea or more. Many more branches and branch members would be welcome as Friends, and their usefulness will be as great in peace as in war; may we not greatly increase the number of Friends of The Dickens House? Will you not, dear reader, write to the Secretary forthwith?

* * * * *

The Endowment Fund. It became clear as the war pursued its course, that when peace was restored an adequate Endowment Fund for The Dickens House would be an imperative necessity. The sudden and lamented death of Walter Dexter, whose life-long work for the cause of Dickens and The Dickens Fellowship needs no further recapitulation in this place, provided the star to which our waggon could be hitched. The Endowment Fund has been launched in his memory. It was intended to allow the Fellowship throughout the world to give this, their own cause, an enthusiastic initiation before appeals were made to the public at large. The time for the latter is difficult to determine in the present distracted state of the world so that there is still time for members and branches the world over, to see that there shall be no reproach from the public that The Dickens Fellowship has not adequately supported its own appeal. Only a few branches have so far recognised the need.

* * * * *

Manchester leads the Way. The notable instance is the Manchester Branch which, under the leadership of its enthusiastic President, Miss Mary Corney, set itself the task of raising £200 in the course of one year, which splendid total has been reached, as we go to press. As early as February, when the branch held its Annual Birthday Dinner, the present writer (who was received with truly regal honours) was presented with a cheque for half that amount, as a first instalment. Well done, Manchester!

* * * * *

Other Branches. It is not suggested that every branch can do as well as that, but we are convinced that every branch throughout the world is able to do *something*, some more and others less. What finer memorial to Dickens could we have than a well-endowed centre containing a unique library for the use of any student of Dickens and his times who chooses to make use of it and an extremely interesting collection of mementos of the novelist, all housed in the building in which *Pickwick* was completed and several others of the great early works were written? We, or our predecessors, founded this great monument. Surely our task, now that the torch has been passed to us, is to ensure that the House is placed upon a sound financial basis. Let us do this in memory of Walter Dexter and in thankfulness that our shrine has been spared throughout the ordeal of six years of war.

Some Suggestions. After the weary war years of continuous appeals the urgency and validity of which were irrefutable, it is not suggested that branches should continue to badger their members for subscriptions, but it is surely within the power of every branch, however small, to organise functions whereby funds may be raised. Concerts, dramatic performances, recitals, whist drives, "Bring-and-Buy" Sales are but some of the methods within the scope of *all* branches, successful examples of which have been provided by Southend (the first in the field, even before the war was over), Rochester, St. Pancras, Bromley and others. We suggest that every Branch Committee seriously consider this matter without delay, or appoint a sub-committee to do so. Our aim is a capital sum, to be raised during the next year or so, sufficiently large to produce an income which will free the Trustees from all financial anxiety. Let us demonstrate to the world that we Dickensians appreciate the value and importance of our shrine before we appeal to the general public for support. The current list of subscriptions appears on page 162.

* * * * *

The Children's Theatre. This promising new organisation began operations with a season at Toynbee Hall, London, at which was revived the adaptation of *Great Expectations*, by Alec Guiness, first seen at a fine production at the Rudolf Steiner Hall in 1940. Although the high level of that performance was not reached, the players gave an excellent account of themselves and at the performance, which we were privileged to witness (for adults are not encouraged) the packed audience followed the play with close attention and delight. The play is now on tour, but, as in London, "Children Only" is the rule. Mr. Guiness, who played Herbert Pocket so brilliantly in 1940, has now left the Navy and is playing Herbert again for the Cineguild film version of the novel now being made at Denham, where Mrs. May Lamberton Becker, President of the New York Branch, was recently an interested spectator of some of the shooting.

* * * * *

A Loss. Arthur Morrison, whose death at the age of 83 was recently announced, became a Vice-President of The Dickens Fellowship in its early days when he was able to take a keen personal interest in our doings, but later chronic illness had restricted his activities and for some years he had not been able to come frequently to London. Morrison always acknowledged his literary debt to Dickens; the books by which he established his fame, *Tales of Mean Streets* (1894), *A Child of the Jago* (1896), etc., show the same gift for graphic description and warm-hearted sympathy for the poor and unfortunate always manifested by Dickens, together with humour and a love of London life. In his later years Morrison became an authority on Japanese and Chinese art. He had also a keen sense of the dramatic and wrote several successful plays. Our list of Vice-Presidents is much the poorer for his passing.

* * * * *

Overseas Secretaries Please Note. An interesting story comes from Mrs. J. A. Wood, Hon. Secretary of the Preston Branch. Finding herself at a meeting of an Eagle Club for G.I. brides about to sail for their new homes in the United States, she told them of the branches of The Dickens Fellowship in that hospitable land. This proved to be of such interest that her branch decided to furnish to the secretary of the Eagle Club the names and addresses of all Dickens Fellowship Branch Secretaries in America. Mrs. Wood

concludes: "We hope that any Preston girl who contacts the secretary of a branch of The Dickens Fellowship in America will find a friendly hand extended. We should like to think that this good-fellowship will be offered to English brides from any part of the British Isles by the Dickensians abroad—it would be a real living emblem of our fellowship—which we hope to see grow rapidly in the years to come." With which sentiments we cordially agree.

* * * * *

Frith's Dolly Varden. This celebrated little picture which gained such enthusiastic commendation from Dickens and realised no less than a thousand guineas at the sale of the novelist's pictures in 1870, was sold in London on April 10th, for £105. At a sale in 1888 it brought £740. W. P. Frith painted this subject twice, the second forms part of the Forster Bequest at South Kensington.

* * * * *

The Esher Sale. At the sale of the first portion of the library of Viscount Esher which took place at Sotheby's on March 25th and 26th, some of the Dickens items realised prices worthy of record. The novels in monthly parts were admittedly in remarkably fine condition, the peak in this section being reached by the seven parts of *A Tale of Two Cities* which sold for £86. *Copperfield* realised £42, *Nickleby* and *Chuzzlewit* £34 each, *Dombey* £26, *Drood* £23, and the 88 weekly parts of *Master Humphrey's Clock* £44. Of the books in the original cloth, *Sketches by Boz* was easily first by realising, for the first editions of both series, no less than £78.

* * * * *

Congratulations. The good wishes of The Dickens Fellowship throughout the world were telephoned to Alderman T. Sturge Cotterell of Bath on the occasion of his Diamond Wedding which occurred on March 18th last. The Founder and President of the Bath Branch of the Dickens Fellowship, Alderman Sturge Cotterell has been closely identified with the work of Council for a great number of years and is a popular and familiar figure at Conferences, of which the two held in Bath owed their great success very largely to him. The sixtieth anniversary of his wedding was quietly celebrated by a family gathering at which he and his wife were the recipients of a great many greetings, notably a telegram of congratulations from Their Majesties the King and Queen.

* * * * *

The New Secretary. On the unexpected death of Sidney J. Rust in December, 1939, the present writer undertook the secretaryship of The Dickens Fellowship for the duration of the war, and on the death of Walter Dexter in 1944 he became also the Editor of this magazine. He has always realised that the best interests of The Fellowship cannot be served by combining two such offices in one person, and he is happy in being able to announce that Mr. Percy Merriman, a short sketch of whose career appears on another page, has consented to undertake the office of Secretary, to which he will be nominated at the Conference in June. The retiring Secretary eagerly embraces this opportunity of thanking the many friends who have so generously supported him throughout the grim and anxious years of his term of office. He is happy in the knowledge that the Fellowship has ridden the storm and emerges with its bows directed unerringly towards seas of prosperity.

LESLIE C. STAPLES.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

THE news that Mr. Henry Chas. Dickens has consented to allow his name to be presented to Conference for election as its President for 1946-1948 will be received with the greatest pleasure. It is fitting that Mr. Dickens should follow in the steps of his father, Sir Henry F. Dickens, and of his aunt, Mrs. Kate Perugini, in this office, and we are delighted to welcome him not only on that account but on his own, for on the several occasions on which he has presided over our war-time functions, he has charmed us all by the same graciousness which distinguished them. His interest in our welfare and that of The

Mr. Henry Charles Dickens, O.B.E.

Dickens House was, however, manifested long before that and appeals to him invariably met with a ready response.

The eldest son of Sir Henry, Mr. Dickens is the present head of the family. Mr. Dickens, after leaving Trinity Hall, Cambridge, was called to the bar in the Inner Temple in 1902 and has since specialised in medical cases. He has two daughters, Mrs. Doris Danby and Miss Monica Dickens, the well-known novelist. Recognition of his work on the Civil Liabilities Commission brought him the O.B.E. in 1917 and some years later he embarked upon a civic career in the Borough of Kensington, and was Chairman of the Kensington Civil Defence Committee throughout the recent war.

With such a President, the direct descendant of him in whose name we are bound together, we look for great progress in these first post-war years under his leadership.

THE NEW HONORARY SECRETARY OF THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

THE nominee of the Council for the office of Honorary Secretary to the Dickens Fellowship will be presented to Conference for election on June 22nd, as the resignation of the present holder of that office since 1939 takes place on that day. The Council is to be congratulated in having secured the services of a well-known Dickensian whose activities in presenting Dickens on the concert platform have won widespread appreciation over a period of many years—Mr. Percy Merriman.

Mr. Percy Merriman

Commencing a theatrical career at a very early age, when he studied stage dancing under the great Espinosa, Mr. Merriman shortly found himself at the Lyceum in the great days of Henry Irving. The first production in which he appeared (as a chorister) was *King Arthur*, a play which also required eight "maidens." These were chosen from the choristers by Ellen Terry herself and included Percy Merriman. Then followed *The Lyons Mail*, *Becket*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Louis XI* and other plays until our chorister's voice broke and the sphere of his labours was transferred to the front of the house. During this period he had an opportunity of seeing such productions as Martin Harvey's *The Only Way*, Forbes Robertson's *Hamlet* as well as others by Sir Henry. Then Irving went to America and the youthful Percy's parents declined to allow their son to accept an offer to accompany "the chief." So began another career which, together with the successful passing of an examination at the earliest possible age (17) led to an appointment with the London County Council, with whom he completed 44 years on his retirement in 1942. For most of that time he was in the Architect's Department and dealt with London's street-naming and the tableting of houses of historical interest, the research work for which gave him a lifelong passion for Old London. One of the last duties he performed in that office was the correction of an error caused some years ago in Southwark when a street there had been named "Clenham Street" in honour of Dickens.

During those years Mr. Merriman became editor of the Staff Gazette, a post he held for many years, and he was a prominent member of the

L.C.C. Dramatic Club. He joined the Dickens Fellowship in 1902, the first year of its existence, and played Sam Weller and Dick Swiveller for the Dickens Fellowship Dramatic Society in 1905 and 1906 respectively. Recitals, largely from Dickens, followed and was combined with a deal of light verse composition for *Punch* and other journals.

The outbreak of war in 1914 found him under canvas with the 15th London Civil Service Rifles. Three years later he was in Salonica, was one of the little band which supported Mr. H. H. Warren in the formation of the famous "Roosters" Concert Party, named after Capt. Roose, a popular officer at Salonica. After highly successful appearances in Greece, Egypt and Palestine, the party reached England in 1919, where its war-time popularity has been maintained ever since. Mr. Merriman still directs it and his Dickensian impersonations adorn every programme. These have so ripened that they are now most brilliant interpretations, generally admitted to be of the very first rank. We congratulate ourselves upon his appointment as our new Secretary and offer him our best wishes for a long, happy and successful term of office.

L. C. S.

CHARLES DICKENS

(Died June 9th, 1870)

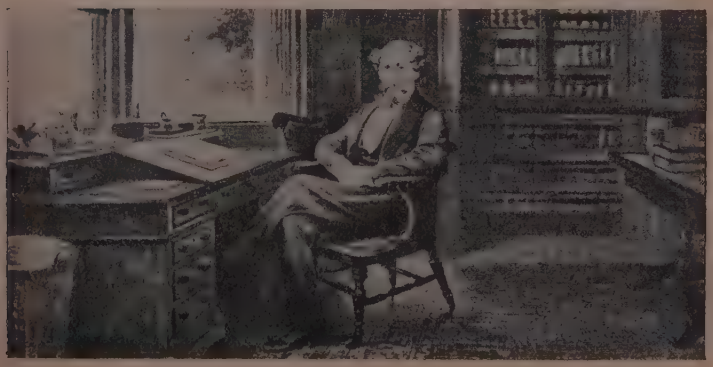
Though upon hallowed stone his name is graven,
Where cloistered peace becalms our mortal strife,
Strangely we banish to Death's quiet haven
One who so zestfully depicted Life.

His ardent pen recorded for the ages;
And thousands yet, nurtured in newer ways,
Shall learn, through mirth and tears, between his pages,
The teeming history of earlier days.

Satire that left no bitterness thereafter;
The joy that even sorrow may beget;
Abuses banished in a world-wide laughter:
These are the memories we cherish yet.

Their words embedded in the speech of nations,
Their gay adventures told and told again,
They live, his droll, exuberant creations,
A vivid host, peopling the minds of men.

O. D. S.



DICKENS, TROLLOPE AND JOE WHELKS

By LEO MASON

I.

OVER a period of recent years there has been an almost unbroken succession of serial dramatizations on the radio of various novels written by the foremost novelists of the nineteenth century—Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, W. M. Thackeray, Wilkie Collins, R. D. Blackmore, R. L. Stevenson, Anthony Trollope and Charles Dickens have all been represented, some by a single book, but quite a few of Trollope's "Barsetshire" novels and not a few, but indeed several, of Dickens's works have been thus presented. To the Dickens student, rather more so than to the purely Dickens lover, these various serials have been of much interest and have enabled us to draw some interesting comparisons. To name the novelist whose work, as presented over the radio, most appealed to our ears is at once part of our design and we express the opinion that Anthony Trollope was the one who achieved the greatest success. We are also of the opinion that dramatizations of Dickens's novels, whether on the radio, screen or stage, generally fall far short of expectations and display little of that essential quality which places the novels of Dickens on a much higher plane than those of Trollope and indeed of any other writer of fiction. To say that Dickens does not dramatize well in view of the almost numberless dramatic presentations of his works which appeared not only in his own time but which have continued to appear at quite frequent intervals right down to the present day, might appear as a deliberate flouting of well-established opinion. Nevertheless we hope to substantiate our views as we progress with our theme.

The writings of the nineteenth century novelists might very conveniently be divided into two schools, the melodramatic or sensational school and the realistic or naturalistic. Dickens, Charlotte Brontë and Wilkie Collins were sensational novelists and Jane Austen, Thackeray and Anthony Trollope can best be described as members of the naturalistic school.

The sensational form of writing evolved by Dickens was something peculiar to himself and differed considerably from an earlier vogue exemplified by Horace Walpole, Clara Reeve and Ann Radcliffe. Later, Dickens's method attracted disciples such as Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade who adapted it to their own purposes.

Dickens did not, in the main, pose as a critic of other men's writings, neither did he proclaim himself to be an authority on the art of novel writing in general, but in so far as his own individual application to the art was concerned, he realized very definitely the course he wished to pursue.

In one of his miscellaneous articles entitled "The Amusements of the People" (*Household Words*, March 30th, 1850), Dickens makes the following interesting remarks:—"The general character of the lower class of dramatic amusements is a very significant sign of a people, and a very good test of their intellectual condition. It is probable that nothing will ever root out from among the common people an innate love they have for dramatic entertainment in some form or another. It would be a very doubtful benefit to society, we think, if it could be rooted out. There is a range of imagination in most of us, which no amount of steam-engines will satisfy; and which The-great-exhibition-of-the-works-of-industry-of-all-nations, itself, will probably leave unappeased. The lower we go, the more natural it is that the best-relished provision for this should be found in dramatic entertainments; as at once the most obvious, the least troublesome,

and the most real of all escapes out of the literal world. Joe Whelks, of the New Cut, Lambeth, is not much of a reader, has no great store of books, no very commodious room to read in, and no power at all of presenting vividly before his mind's eye what he reads about. But put Joe in the gallery of the Victoria Theatre; show him doors and windows in the scene that will open and shut, and that people can get in and out of; tell him a story with these aids and by the help of live men and women dressed up, confiding to him their innermost secrets, in voices audible half a mile off; and Joe will unravel a story through all its entanglements, and sit there as long after midnight as you have anything left to show him. The question then, might not unnaturally arise, one would suppose, whether Mr. Whelks's education is at all susceptible of improvement through the agency of his theatrical tastes. Those who would live to please Mr. Whelks, must please Mr. Whelks to live. It is not the manager's province to hold the mirror up to Nature, but to Mr. Whelks—the only person who acknowledges him."

We suggest that the foregoing exposition of Dickens's views with regard to the art of the theatre can be applied *absolutely* to the methods he employed in presenting his novels. As a novelist he addressed himself, not to a select coterie of refined intellectual taste, but to the masses, or in other words to the numberless members of the Whelks family who were to be found throughout the length and breadth of the land. He knew that there was a range of imagination which required the very dickens to set it aglow. It had to be aroused by all sorts of adventitious aids of vivid, striking, and workable scenic effects, so that in fact Joe's imagination had very little to do at all. If a murder is to be committed, it must be displayed stage by stage, the rage of the murderer, how he looked, what he did, why he did it, where and how he did it; the terror of the victim, the screams for mercy, the groans, must all be minutely described; and, when the foul deed has been accomplished, the victim's face, a pounded mass of jelly and the instrument of death dripping with blood must be clearly shown so that the Whelkses will understand that it is a murder that has been done. In a like manner also the terrible consequences of the crime must be set forth, the sorry plight of the assassin must be clearly shown as a terrible retribution is meted out to him and commits him to his doom:—Unable to keep out of London, Sikes is betrayed in his usual haunts by the presence of his dog. The mob closes about the house where he hoped for concealment; knowing the place to be well secured against intruders, he opens one of the upper windows and dramatically defies his pursuers thus:—"Do your worst, I'll cheat you yet." Whereupon "of all the terrific yells that ever fell on mortal ears, none could exceed the cry of the infuriated throng." Sikes had thought to escape by letting himself down from the roof into a ditch which ran behind the house; but when he succeeds in getting upon the housetop he discovers that the tide has ebbed, leaving the ditch a sea of mud. Perceiving the murderer's intention and the impossibility of its fulfilment, the crowd "raised a cry of triumphant execration to which all their previous shouting had been whispers." Still trusting to chance of escaping by way of the ditch, Sikes fastens his rope to the chimney and intends to adjust the noose at the other end under his armpits. "At that very moment, the murderer looking behind him on the roof, threw his arms over his head and uttered a yell of terror. 'The eyes again!' he cried in an unearthly screech. Staggering as if struck by lightning, he lost his balance and tumbled over the parapet. The noose was at his neck, it ran up with his weight, tight as a bowstring, and swift as an arrow it sped. He fell for five and thirty feet. There was a sudden jerk, a

terrific convulsion of the limbs, and there he hung with the open knife clenched in his stiffening hand. . . . . A dog which had lain contented till now ran backwards and forwards on the parapet, with a dismal howl, and collecting himself for a spring, jumped for the dead man's shoulders. Missing his aim, he fell into the ditch, turning completely over as he went, and striking his head against a stone dashed out his brains."

II.

We have quoted the passage from *Oliver Twist* in support of our preceding remarks and as being indicative of Dickens's constant use in his writings of sensational incidents dramatically and minutely described with such intensity that the reader has no cause to reflect; the description is more vivid than the scene or incident described. Dickens's descriptive powers are an outstanding quality of his genius, but description is dramatic only when it is an experience of a character in the story. The presentation of narrative action affords more dramatic difficulty in proportion as the author refuses the excitement of startling situations, his resource is only the milder shock of an intellectual predicament. But Dickens, we maintain, had the unintellectual members of the Whelks family in mind, he held the view that those who would live to please Mr. Whelks, must not be too particular about holding the mirror up to Nature, but to Mr. Whelks, hence sensational and melodramatic incidents formed the substance of his plots. They were worked up and made much of for their own sakes for the sole purpose of inducing in the simple mind a sort of thrill and not solely because they furthered the narrative or plot of the story. In a similar manner also when dealing with emotional themes especially the pathetic—the death of a child—Dickens, working dramatically, first of all sets his stage with appropriate scenery, then dims the lights, calls up a chorus of angels, throws open the shutters, lets in a shaft of golden light, closes the shutters and opens the door through which we catch a glimpse of snowflakes as they fall. The situation will be exploited to the utmost degree, so that dull-witted, unfeeling, unimaginative Joe Whelks will not have the slightest excuse for not shedding a tear. We recall to mind the death of Smike, of Nell, of Paul Dombey, the force with which Dickens describes the death of Jo, the crossing sweeper. Viewed in one way what a shocking display of cheap rhetoric, what a piling on of the agony, what an exploitation of the situation, and yet, viewed in another way, how very moving, how very tear-compelling is the scene.

Such then was Dickens's deliberate method of presenting his novels, he did not write for a hobby, he desired to make money. Hence, like a good business man, he produced wares which appealed to the largest circle of buyers and at a price to suit their pockets, in other words his method of approach was to give the Whelkses what they wanted. The demand for the sensational is of course just as evident to-day as at the time when Dickens expressed the view that "nothing will ever root out from among the common people an innate love they have for dramatic entertainment."

Present day novelists do not, in the main, make use of sensational incidents. They write dramatically by making their characters unfold the story primarily by means of dialogue; when reading their novels, unlike when we read those of Dickens, we are not aware of the author, the producer, stage manager, scene painter or the man who dims and turns up the lights.

Nevertheless, the art employed by Dickens in presenting his novels is to-day exemplified in the art of the cinema. The film industry is not run as a hobby but by men with a keen eye to business and like

Dickens they appeal to the largest circle of clients by the one sure way—the sensational. They give the public what it wants.

As we write support is given to our statement by a professional film critic who, commenting on films in general, makes the following apt remarks :—

" To two faults the makers of films are especially and regrettably prone. They substitute for genuine emotion an ersatz counterfeit that exploits the purely accidental as ruthlessly as Dickens exploited sentiment and pathos. Film makers answer this by an appeal to the box office. Synthetic emotion, they say, brings in the one-and-four-pennies just as surely as the portrayal of fine art. The other ' crime ' is the ignoring of simple probability and plausibility. Their defence to this is that the public don't care." We see then, that the present day members of the Whelks family differ very little from their forebears, because just in as much as a sensational story be presented with the aid of a lavish decor, men and women dressed up to exactly represent the characters portrayed and told to them with voices that by the turn of a knob can be made so loud that they do not even need to listen, they have all that they desire.

But Dickens was well aware that mere sensationalism was but a pandering or writing down to the popular taste and of itself certainly served no useful but rather an undesirable purpose. " When I first took up literature as my profession," said Dickens, " it appeared to me at that time that it was not so well understood in England as it was in other countries that literature was a dignified profession, by which any man might stand or fall." The question arose in his mind " whether Mr. Whelks's education is at all susceptible of improvement through the agency of his theatrical tastes." He knew that there were certain dangers inherent in the design of the sensational story, just as to-day some see danger to the community by the glamorous and sensational portrayal of life as depicted on the screen at the cinema. Dickens succeeded in making his melodramas artistically justifiable by always making them the vehicle for bringing out some strong moral purpose ; something which would elevate the soul of Mr. Whelks. He showed Mr. Whelks and those still lower in the social scale that they were individuals, human beings, and not simply members of a brute creation. He gave them hope and enlisted their sympathies by championing their cause and directed his attack against those things against which the popular will would be most easily tempted into hostility. In doing this he played upon the deep sounding chord of the great popular heart by means of his inimitable humour and tear-compelling pathos and drew forth such shouts of laughter and sounds of lamentation that they could not be ignored by the members of the more influential classes, who, brought to realize the individualities of the poor and helpless, awoke to the horrors and injustices under which they were compelled to live.

III.

So far we have but endeavoured to suggest the method adopted by Dickens to maintain the interest of the uncritical reader in his story. In order that we may advance our line of thought we think it very appropriate to direct the reader's attention to the following passage culled from an article by a well-known music critic (Ernest Newman, *Sunday Times*, 1945) who, in commenting upon the operatic works of Richard Wagner, says :—" It is an ironic reflection that were Wagner to return to earth to-day he would find the central problem of opera very much what it was when he began to puzzle his head over a century ago. Opera is a combination of drama and music. If the predominant stress is to be laid on one of these, then necessarily the other must

yield to some extent. The genre in which music had the principal say is seen to perfection in the libretti of Metastasio and the settings of them by his earlier contemporaries. Broadly speaking, the drama lacked overall fluidity; it tended to crystallise into a number of static moods and situations in which the composer, by means of arias and so on, created a series of self-contained musical wholes that were not much concerned with anything beyond themselves. Metamorphosis of character as we understand it to-day hardly existed in opera. The general tendency was to see human beings in terms of neatly defined types and the operatic personage tended to remain true to his particular type throughout the work. As this structure of static moods and static situations gradually broke down under the stress of a new conception of dramatic character and dramatic movement, music had to abate the extravagance of its claims. Generalized psychological states isolating and poising and luxuriating in themselves for minutes at a time had found their ideal expression in say, an aria—music for music's sake alone. But these set forms, which have their origin and *raison d'etre* in the pardonable egoism of music *quâ* music are at variance with character and situation in constant movement and mutation."

We think it quite true to say that if Dickens were to return to earth to-day he would find the central problem of presenting his works dramatically on either stage, screen or radio very much as he himself, we aver, knew it to be in his own day. Having the music critic's comments on opera in mind, we suggest to the reader that broadly speaking, the novels of Dickens are a combination of described drama, scenic effects, *dramatis personæ* and the recorded spoken word. The characters and the words they utter may be considered as a single unit and the scenic effects an integral part of the drama, thus making two units in all. If the predominant stress is to be laid on one of these, then of necessity, the other must yield to some extent. The creation of characters undoubtedly constitutes by far the most outstanding and valuable quality of Dickens's genius. It is the consensus of critical opinion that if his characters are taken away the plots of his novels appear exceedingly meagre and disconnected. It is of course beyond doubt that he tells a short story admirably and he is an adept at conjuring up a very vivid scene but it is equally beyond doubt that the recognized critics, who have voiced their opinions with regard to his writings during the last hundred years, have not expressed commendation on his plots. The genius of Dickens is outstandingly great in comparison with that of all other writers in that it enabled him to portray humanity in terms of superbly defined types and the characters thus created perforce remained true to their particular types throughout the length of the novel. Once brought into being, the characters absorbed their creator's imagination which, fortunately, set them isolating and poising and luxuriating themselves for minutes at a time, all the while expressing their universal characteristics in, say, a sequence of magnificent "spoken" arias—talk for talk's sake alone. What they did and said did not much concern anything beyond themselves. They held up the plot, and the drama was allowed to crystallize into a number of static moods and situations and hence we visualize the several novels in which they appear as being composed of a number of delightful self-contained harmonious wholes or episodes.

It is recorded that the growing up of characters in Dickens's mind never lost for him a sense of the marvellous. "What an unfathomable mystery there is in it all," said he, taking up a wineglass, "Suppose I choose to call this a character, fancy it a man, endue it with certain qualities; and soon the fine filmy webs of thought, almost impalpable, come from every direction, we know not whence, spin and weave about it, until it assumes form and beauty and becomes instinct with life."

He caught up the universal virtues and vices of men, their qualities good and bad, their idiosyncrasies, their loves and hates and allowed his imagination to play about them until they assumed form and beauty and became instinct with life, manifesting themselves as giant men and women, the like of which had not been portrayed in literature before.

These were "the men and women dressed up," mentioned by Dickens in his thoughts on the art of the theatre, who, confiding their innermost secrets in voices audible half a mile off, not only held the attention of uncritical Joe Whelks but also aroused the interest, enthusiasm and admiration of many of the best informed and most cultured men and women throughout the world.

In the foregoing we have endeavoured to convey to the mind of the reader our line of thought appertaining to the art of Dickens. In the next issue of *The Dickensian* we shall have something to say about the writings of Trollope, and then, by returning to our original topic concerning dramatizations of Dickens, hope to round off our theme.

(To be continued)

PRUNES AND PRISM

"I THINK, father, I require a little time."

"Papa is a preferable mode of address," observed Mrs. General. "Father is rather vulgar, my dear. The word Papa, besides, gives a pretty form to the lips. Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes, and prism, are all very good words for the lips, especially prunes and prism. You will find it serviceable, in the formation of a demeanour, if you sometimes say to yourself in company—on entering a room, for instance—Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prism, prunes and prism."—*Little Dorrit* (1855-57), Book the Second, Chapter V.

"When [Lady Westland] first emerged from retirement, it was natural she should feel shy and embarrassed, which always appeared by a certain mimping with her mouth; afterwards she thought it becoming, and improved upon it: it was so universally adopted by the young ladies of the town, that I think it incumbent on myself to give a particular account of this grace for the benefit of those who have no opportunities of seeing it practised.—The neck must be somewhat bent, the head, and particularly the chin, pushed forward; at that moment the mouth must be gradually opened, and display, if possible, a white set of teeth: this done, the lips must as gradually close into an agreeable simper." "Note: A young lady, who excelled in this grace, used to say that she found nothing conduced so happily towards the proper arrangement of her lips as saying softly to herself, 'Pruneaux de Tours.'" *Melissa and Marcia; Or the Sisters*, a novel, in two volumes. London: W. Lane, 1788, Vol. I, pp. 61-62.

Melissa and Marcia, although published anonymously, is the first of the seven novels written by Elizabeth Hervey, *née* Marsh, the half-sister of William Beckford, who had a hearty laugh at these and other popular fiction of the day in his two squibs, *Modern Novel Writing, or The Elegant Enthusiast* (1796) and *Azemia* (1797). Tom Moore says that Mrs. Hervey did not so much as suspect that she was the object of Beckford's satire, only now and then when the parody was so close it could hardly be missed, she exclaimed: "Why, I vow and protest, here is my grotto!"

The coincidence between the practice of the young lady, who properly to arrange her lips, used to murmur, "*Pruneaux* de Tours," and Mrs. General's recommendation of "*Prunes*" as a very good word for the lips is interesting.

MONTAGUE SUMMERS.

SOME DAMAGE HAS BEEN REPORTED . . .

By Mrs. GWEN MAJOR

(*Continued from page 97*)

This survey is designed to record the damage inflicted by enemy air-attack during the war of 1939-1945, on all London buildings having Dickensian associations, but no reference is made to those unharmed during that war, to sites of buildings demolished before that date or to any that were damaged or destroyed by other means than enemy air-attack.

KEK.

B.U.	Building Unidentified.	DES.	Fragments only of the original building remaining, which may be restored or ultimately cleared away.
S.D.	Slight Damage.		
D.	Damaged.		
B.D.	Badly Damaged.		
DEM.	Demolished and site cleared.	W.S.	Walls standing.

DAVID COPPERFIELD

Windsor Terrace, City Road, N.—"My address," said Mr. Micawber "is Windsor Terrace, City Road. I—in short . . . I live there" (B.U.). If it was at No. 5, 6, 7, 8 or 9, he still may. No. 10 is DES., W.S. and the rest—have gone! *Condition*—B.D.

City Road, N.—". . . you might have some difficulty in penetrating the arcana of the modern Babylon in the direction of the City Road—in short . . . I shall be glad . . . to instal you in the knowledge of the nearest way." (Mr. Micawber to David.) *Condition*—D.

Pentonville, N.—Mr Micawber wrote two of his letters from "his residence in Pentonville, London." (B.U.) *Condition*—Area D.

Lant Street, Borough, S.E.—David describes his lodgings—obviously here—in practically the same words as those used by Charles Dickens when describing the room he occupied while his father was in the Marshalsea for debt. (B.U.) *Condition*—S.D.

The Tower, E.C.—David, waiting with the Orfling on London Bridge for the time to go to the Marshalsea to join the Micawbers for breakfast, told her such astonishing stories of the Tower and wharves as "he hoped he believed himself"—a piece of autobiography.

Later, to vary the legal character of his Aunt's business in London with sightseeing, David took her to see the Tower. *Condition*—D.

Webb's County Terrace, New Kent Road, S.E.—Where David rested after being robbed and chasing the thief, ". . . with hardly breath enough to cry. . . ."

(The "Foolish Image" is unharmed.) *Condition*—B.D.

The Dover Road, S.E. (now Gt. Dover Street and Old Kent Road).—Along which David commences his famous walk in search of his Aunt at Dover.

Later, Mr. Peggotty found "a traveller's lodging" along here on his first return to London after searching for Little Em'ly. *Condition*—Area B.D.

Barclay's Brewery, S.E.—Mentioned in the book. *Condition*—S.D.

Montague Square, W.—"Mr. Jorkins . . . lived by himself in a number near Montague Square, which was fearfully in want of painting." And still is! (B.U.) *Condition*—D.

South Square, Gray's Inn, W.C.—"Holborn Court, sir, Number 2," where Traddles occupied a set of chambers on the top floor. ("Holborn Court" in his day, but later, in Dickens's time and ever since, known as South Square.)

Traddles was still here when, towards the end of the book, David returns from abroad and finds the merry family party in their cosy setting.

(No. 2, so far intact) *Condition*—B.D. Three sides almost DEM.

Tottenham Court Road, W.C.—Somewhere "at the top of Tottenham Court Road" . . . "the little round table with the marble top" and "precious flower pot" belonging to Traddles were sold by the broker when the Micawber household was sold up. (B.U.) *Condition*—Area B.D.

Putney, S.W.—"How I found time to haunt Putney" (where Dora went to live after the death of her father) "I am sure I don't know. . . ." *Condition*—Area B.D.

St. Paul's Cathedral, E.C.—David "varies the legal character" of settling Peggotty's affairs by going to the top of St. Paul's. To Peggotty, "from her long attachment to her work-box it became a rival of the picture on the lid, and was in some particulars vanquished, she considered, by that work of art." *Condition*—D.

St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.—Betsey Trotwood was accosted here by her husband. *Condition*—B.D.

St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, E.C.—David saw the clock and giants but on the old church, from which they were removed when it was pulled down and the present one built in 1830-32. (The clock and giants are undamaged.) *Condition*—D.

Horse Guards, S.W.—One may still, like Peggotty and Dick, view the soldiers there. *Condition*—S.D.

Ely Place, E.C.—Agnes stayed here at Mr. Waterbrook's house. (B.U.) *Condition*—D.

St. Andrew's, Holborn, E.C.—David was late by the clock of this church when on his way to Agnes in Ely Place, after his night of dissipation. *Condition*—DES., W.S.

Pump Court, Temple, photographed from the same point—

Before the war

After the bombing

Reproduced from *Hitler Passed this Way* by permission of *The Evening News*

Westminster Abbey, S.W.—A point at which Little Em'ly, followed by David and Peggotty, " passed from the lights and noise of the leading streets." *Condition*—D.

Gray's Inn Road, W.C.—Place of residence of " Mr. Mortimer," otherwise Wilkins Micawber. (B.U.) *Condition*—Area D.

St. Michael's, South Grove, Highgate, N.—" The church with the slender spire, that stands on the top of the hill now, was not there then to tell me the time. An old red-brick mansion used as a school was in its place and a fine old house it must have been to go to school at, as I recollect it." *Condition*—S.D. Spire partially removed.

BLEAK HOUSE

Chancery Lane, E.C.—Where Mrs. Snagsby was " the high standard of comparison among the neighbouring wives," and young Smallweed had a passion for a lady at a cigar shop. Mr. Bucket remarked to Esther that " It looks like Chancery Lane and was christened so." *Condition*—B.D., Holborn end.

Tooks (" Cook's ") Court, Chancery Lane, E.C.—Here " Mr. Snagsby, law stationer," persued " his lawful calling," and from their drawing-room Mrs. Snagsby could get " a squint into Cursitor Street." (B.U.) *Condition*—B.D.

Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, E.C.—Coavinses and his Castle were here. (B.U.) *Condition*—B.D.

Rolls Yard, Chancery Lane, E.C.—In which Mr. Snagsby loved " to lounge about on a Saturday afternoon and to remark (if in good spirits) that there were old times once." *Condition*—D.

Lincoln's Inn Gateway, Chancery Lane, E.C.—Through it Esther " passed into sudden quietude " on her way to Kenge & Carboy, passing Lincoln's Inn Hall in which " at the very heart of the fog " she was to see " The Lord High Chancellor in his High Court of Chancery." *Condition*—S.D.

58 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.—The home of Mr. Tulkinghorn " when not speechlessly at home in country houses." *Condition*—S.D.

The Temple, E.C.—" By the cloisterly Temple " went Mr. George on his way to the Bagnets in Blackfriars. (And long might he linger there now to see the frightful destruction.) *Condition*—Area B.D.

Westminster Hall, S.W.—The *final* scene of the Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce case was laid here. Earlier in the story the Hall is described, in the hot days of the Long Vacation, as " a shady solitude where nightingales might sing, and a tenderer class of suitors than is usually found there walk." *Condition*—D.

Walcot Square, S.W.—Mr. Guppy told Esther's Guardian, " I beg to lay the 'ouse in Walcot Square, the business and myself, before Miss Summerson for her acceptance." *Condition*—D.

St. Paul's Cathedral, E.C.—Esther supposed that if Mrs. Jellyby's household had been the only lodgers in St. Paul's or St. Peter's " the sole advantage they would have found in the size of the building would have been its affording a great deal of room to be dirty in." *Condition*—D.

Old Street, E.C.—" My mother has a little property . . . a small annuity . . . upon which she lives in an independent though unassuming manner in the Old Street Road." (Mr. Guppy to Esther.) (B.U.) *Condition*—D.

Saffron Hill, E.C.—One of the " poor neighbourhoods " of which Phil Squod complained that they " uses up the kettles till they're past mending." (A pitiful neighbourhood now indeed.) *Condition*—B.D. Almost DEM.

St. Andrew's Church, Holborn, E.C.—" Peffer is never seen in Cook's Court now. He is not expected there, for he has been recumbent this quarter of a century in the churchyard of St. Andrew's, Holborn." *Condition*—DES., W.S.

Holborn Hill, E.C. (now swallowed up in the western end of the Viaduct).—Along which in the " implacable November weather," with which the tale opens, " it would not be wonderful to meet a Megalosaurus forty feet long or so, waddling like an elephantine lizard. . . ." *Condition*—Area B.D.

Thavies Inn, Holborn Circus, E.C.—Where the Jellybys lived—" just up Chancery Lane, and cut along Holborn, and there we are in four minutes' time as near as a toucher," according to Guppy, who next had to report, " One of the young Jellyby's been and got his head through the area railings." " . . . the house . . . had a tarnished brass plate on the door, with the inscription, Jellyby." *Condition*—DEM.

Staple Inn, Holborn, W.C.—Mr. Snagsby, " a poetical man, delighted to observe how countrified the sparrows and the leaves are." *Condition*—Inner Quad and Hall, DEM. Elizabethan façade facing Holborn remains.

Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C. (to Lincoln's Inn Fields).—" A brook once ran down Holborn, when Turnstile really was a turnstile leading slap into the meadows," Mr. Snagsby told two apprentices. *Condition*—DES.

Penton Place, N. (at No. 87 Guppy said, but no such number appears to have existed).—" It is lowly," he explained to Esther, " but airy ; open at the back, and considered one of the 'ealthiest parts." (B.U.) *Condition*—S.D.

Queen Square, W.C.—Richard Carstone had " a neat little lodging in a quiet old house here." *Condition*—D.

Elephant and Castle, S.E.—" . . . that ganglion of roads . . . and of streets centering in the far-famed Elephant." *Condition*—Area B.D.

DEPTFORD, E.—Guppy, on the hot summer's day on which he meets Jobling and subsequently lunches him, asks him where he has "sprung from," and Jobling replies, "From the Market Gardens down by Deptford." The Market Gardens disappeared many years ago. *Condition*—Area B.D.

LITTLE DORRIT

ANGEL PLACE, BOROUGH, S.E.—Down which Dickens says, in the Preface, that he turned to reach Marshalsea Place which he "recognised . . . as preserving the rooms that arose in my mind's eye when I became Little Dorrit's biographer." *Condition*—N. side DES.

211 BOROUGH HIGH STREET, S.E.—Entrance to Turnkey's House. See G. F. Young's article, "The Marshalsea Re-Visited" in *The Dickensian*, 1932, p. 219. (*N.B.*—The old tiles on the roof of the Turnkey's house as illustrated were removed in 1936.) *Condition*—S.D.

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, BOROUGH, S.E.—Here Little Dorrit was "christened one Sunday afternoon when the turnkey being relieved was off the lock . . .," and here she and Maggie slept when locked out of the Marshalsea, the sexton making up the famous bed for her in the Vestry. Here, also, she was married, and if John Chivery's despairing vision had come true, here—in the adjoining churchyard—she would have been buried, after him! *Condition*—S.D.

145 BOROUGH HIGH STREET, S.E.—At which the eel pie shop was located, to which Little Dorrit and Mr. F's Aunt resorted. *Condition*—DEM.

THE GEORGE INN, BOROUGH, S.E.—In which Mr. Tip writes a letter to Clennam. *Condition*—S.D.

LANT STREET, BOROUGH, S.E.—Walter Dexter, in "The London of Dickens," says: "It was doubtless in Lant Street that Frederick Dorrit lodged at Mr. Cripples's Academy, a house not far from the Marshalsea. . . ." (B.U.) *Condition*—S.D.

HORSEMONGER LANE (later Union Road, Borough, S.E., now Harper Road).—Where young John Chivery "assisted his mother in the conduct of a snug tobacco business. . . ." The house is said to have been No. 5, demolished in 1930. *Condition*—B.D.

SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.—Leading to the "Iron Bridge." *Condition*—Area B.D.

THE BOROUGH, S.E.—"Mr. F's Aunt, publicly seated on the steps of the Marshal's official residence, had been for two or three hours a great boon to the younger inhabitants of the Borough. . . ." *Condition*—Area B.D.

DOVER ROAD, S.E. (now Gt. Dover Street and Old Kent Road).—"There's milestones on the Dover Road," said Mr. F's Aunt. *Condition*—Area B.D.

WALHAM GREEN, S.W.; FULHAM, S.W.; PUTNEY, S.W.—This way Arthur Clennam went to visit Mr. Meagles at Twickenham, "for the pleasure of strolling over the Heath. . . ." *Condition*—Areas all B.D.

CHEAPSIDE, E.C.—On the wet Sunday evening on which Arthur Clennam returned to London, he went "at a long angle" to the Thames, "through some of the crooked and descending streets which lie (and lay more crookedly and closely then) between the river and Cheapside." *Condition*—Area B.D.

BARBICAN, E.C.—Walking with Arthur Clennam after dining with the Patriarch, Flora and Mr. F's Aunt, Mr. Pancks left him at the corner of this street. *Condition*—B.D.

SMITHFIELD, E.C.—Through which Clennam and Doyce passed together; after which, Clennam going on alone saw John Baptist, knocked down by a mail coach in Aldersgate. *Condition*—D.

ST. BATHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL, E.C.—To which John Baptist was conveyed. *Condition*—D.

GRAY'S INN ROAD, E.C.—"Mr. Casby lived in a street in the Gray's Inn Road which had set off from that thoroughfare with the intention of running at one heat down into the valley and up again to the Pentonville Hill, but had run itself out of breath in twenty yards and had stood still ever since." *Condition*—Area D.

PENTONVILLE, N.—The neighbourhood in which Mr. Pancks lived. *Condition*—Area D.

HARLEY STREET W.—In "the handsomest house" the Merdles lived. "The opposing rows of houses in Harley Street were very grim with one another. Indeed, the mansions and their inhabitants were so much alike in that respect, that the people were often to be found drawn up on opposite sides of dinner-tables, in the shade of their own loftiness, staring at the other side of the way with the dullness of the houses." (B.U.) *Condition*—B.D.

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.—Mr. Tite Barnacle lived here "or very near it . . .," in "a squeezed house, with a ramshackle bowed front, little dingy windows and a little dark area like a damp waistcoat pocket." (B.U.) *Condition*—D.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, S.W.—In Chapter 15 Dickens says of the Abbey, ". . . only Time shall show us whither each traveller is bound." *Condition*—D.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, E.C.—When Pip first came to London and wandered about Smithfield waiting for Mr. Jaggers, he had his first glimpse of St. Paul's "bulging at me from behind a grim stone building which a bystander said was Newgate prison." *Condition*—D.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, S.W.—Pip and Herbert attended a service here. *Condition*—D.

NEWGATE STREET, E.C.—"Rattling along Newgate Street we were soon under the walls of which I was so ashamed" (referring to his visit to the Prison with Wemmick). *Condition*—B.D. (city end).

ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.—Pip " went on 'Change and . . . saw fluey men sitting there. . . . " and " couldn't understand why they should all be out of spirits." And Herbert " would go on 'Change at a busy time," when he felt his case unusually serious.
Condition—D.

SMITHFIELD, E.C.—Which Pip thought " a shameful place, being all asmear with filth and fat and blood and foam." (Then a market for live cattle, now used only for dead meat.) *Condition*—D.

BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE, E.C.—Pip, awaiting Mr. Jaggers and " looking out at the iron gate of Bartholomew Close," saw him coming towards him. *Condition*—Almost DES.

LITTLE BRITAIN, E.C.—Which Pip thought " a gloomy street." *Condition*—B.D.

HOLBORN HILL, E.C. (now covered by the western portion of Holborn Viaduct).—Pip, walking with Wemmick up here, noticing his " post office of a mouth," had got to the top of the hill by the time he discovered " it was merely a mechanical appearance, and that he was not smiling at all." *Condition*—Area B.D.

MIDDLE TEMPLE LANE, E.C.—" When the day came " (on which Pip was well enough to go out again) " an open carriage was got into the Lane, Joe wrapped me up, took me in his arms, carried me down to it, and put me in. . . . " *Condition*—B.D.

ESSEX STREET, E.C.—Pip found " a respectable lodging house " here for his " uncle," Mr. Provis, alias Magwitch. (B.U.) *Condition*—D. Gate, DES., W.S.

DOVER ROAD, S.E. (now Gt. Dover Street and Old Kent Road).—Provis is reported to have been " taken down the Dover Road and cornered out of it, in the general endeavour to hide his tracks." *Condition*—Area B.D.

HAMMERSMITH, W.—Where the Pockets lived and where Clara Barley " was completing her education " at the time she met Herbert. (B.U.) *Condition*—Area D.

BRENTFORD, W.—" Arthur lived at the top of Compeyson's house." (B.U.)
Condition—Area D.

WALWORTH, S.E.—Wemmick's " Castle " has never been located and would be even more difficult to trace now, but his " Walworth sentiments " still hold good.
Condition—B.D.

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, CAMBERWELL, S.E.—Considered by Walter Dexter, in " The London of Dickens " to have been the one in which Wemmick was married.
Condition—S.D.

ST. GILES'S CHURCH, CAMBERWELL, S.E.—Others have expressed the opinion that this is the Church in which he was married. *Condition*—S.D.

DOMBEY AND SON

BRYANSTON SQUARE, W., AND PORTLAND PLACE, W.—" In the region between " these the Dombeys lived " on the shady side of a tall, dark, dreadfully genteel street . . . a corner house, with great wide areas containing cellars frowned upon by barred windows and leered at by crooked-eyed doors leading to dust-bins. . . . " (B.U.)
Condition—Both D.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S HOSPITAL, W.—" My dear Louisa," said Miss Tox, " knowing your great anxiety, and wishing to relieve it, I posted off myself to the Queen Charlotte's Royal Married Females, which you had forgot, and put the question, Was there anybody there that they thought would suit." *Condition*—D.

ST. MARY-LE-BOW, E.C.—Dombey's offices were " . . . within the hearing of Bow Bells, when their clashing voices were not drowned by the uproar in the streets. . . . " (B.U.)
(Something far more sinister has silenced them now.)
Condition—DES., W.S. (the Steeple and its Dragon still stand).

BANK OF ENGLAND, E.C.—Was Dombey and Son's " magnificent neighbour."
Condition—D.

ROYAL EXCHANGE.—" was close at hand " (to Dombey's). It was also where poor Mr. Toots would go to consult its clock when his feeling for Florence was too much for him.
Condition—D.

STOCK EXCHANGE, E.C.—Where " a sporting taste (originating generally in bets of new hats) is much in vogue." *Condition*—D.

CHEAPSIDE, E.C.—The " slipper and dog's collar man . . . whose portrait was screwed up on an artist's door in Cheapside . . . threw up his forefinger " to Mr. Dombey, as he passed, and Carker and his teeth " went gleaming up Cheapside."
Condition—Area B.D.

MARYLEBONE CHURCH, W. In which little Paul may have been christened and Mr. Dombey married to his second wife, Edith Granger. *Condition*—S.D.

CITY ROAD, N.—Polly took little Paul along here to meet Biler in his full charity dress, and as a result somewhere about here Florence was kidnapped by " good Mrs. Brown."
Condition—D.

COMMERCIAL ROAD, E.—" On a dead wall in the Commercial Road " Captain Cuttle bought the " ballad of considerable antiquity," touching the courtship of the " lovely Peg."
Condition—D.

RATCLIFFE, E.—" The Cautious Clara," Captain Bunsby's craft, lay up here.
Condition—Area B.D.

BROOK STREET, W.—The Hon. Mrs. Skewton borrowed, for Edith's marriage, a house here from a " stately relative (Lord Feenix) who was out of town." (B.U.) *Condition*—D.

BOND STREET, W.—Cousin Feenix tells Florence about " Jackson, who kept the boxing-room in Bond Street . . . used to mention that in training for the ring they substituted rum for Sherry." (B.U.) *Condition*—D.

FULHAM, S.W.—Sir Barnet and Lady Skettles " . . . resided in a pretty villa at Fulham. . . ." (B.U.) *Condition*—Area B.D.

PALL MALL, S.W.—Joseph Bagstock, bowled over by the Dombey bankruptcy, said that " . . . if it were consistent with the dignity of a rough and tough old Major . . . to retire to a tub and live in it . . . he'd have a tub in Pall Mall to-morrow, to show his contempt for mankind." *Condition*—D.

ST. MARY THE VIRGIN, ALDERMANBURY, E.C.—Beresford Chancellor suggests that this is the church in which Florence and Walter were married.
Condition—DES., W.S. (and part of tower).

PECKHAM, S.E.—Where Walter had been placed in a boarding school. (B.U.)
Condition—Area B.D.

DEPTFORD, E.—Sol Gills, celebrating with Walter over his start in life, in Dombey and Son's, recalls the Polyphemus, " Private West Indian Trader, under three hundred and fifty tons, Captain, John Bram of Deptford." *Condition*—Area B.D.

(*To be concluded.*)

DICKENS SELF-REVEALED

BY MARY G. DICKINS

(*Continued from page* 71)

V.

I SHOULD like now to consider the effect of the emotional crisis on Dickens's work. One has only to study the character of Arthur Clennam to realise just how Dickens was feeling at the time he met Ellen Ternan. In Clennam he gives us one of the saddest, most simply-drawn pictures of middle age and frustration. Up to, and ending with *Little Dorrit* the " good woman " still holds the centre of the stage. Dickens still believes in her power to dispel spiritual loneliness, so in Amy Dorrit we have the most sympathetic rendering of this theme he was ever to achieve. Amy is almost credible, because she has been given a real life to live, real difficulties to contend with, real interests to fill her days. Within the Marshalsea Amy is a person of importance, with duties to fulfil that tax her strength ; a person to whom wealth is meaningless because it at once cuts her off from usefulness and the small share of affection which is all that she has ever learned to expect of life. She is the swan-song of Dickens's belief in married happiness, and he gives her to Clennam as the compensation for his own broken ideals. . . .

After *Little Dorrit*, and his separation from his wife, the tone of Dickens's novels changes : it becomes deeper and more sombre ; and his heroines are no longer " good women " : except potentially. Dickens, in the interval, has been to school ; he has learned something more about love, about women, and about himself. What he thinks about these changes he tells us in those last amazing books. But, above all, his judgement on himself emerges in the companion portraits of Eugene Wrayburn and Bradley Headstone in *Our Mutual Friend*. Here Dickens gives us his analysis of the dilemma in which he had found himself—the conflict of passion with reason, the nightmare of obsession, the ethics of pleasure and self-indulgence as opposed to the dictates of conscience. Eugene stands for the comfortable leisured classes who need not examine too closely the drift of the current in which they find themselves caught. Bradley stands for the imprisoned spirit ruled by one single and compelling idea. His aim is honourable, if he can attain his end that way ; but the demon within him is stronger than himself and overwhelms every other consideration except that of gaining his end. To neither character is any sympathy extended by their creator ; though Eugene is of necessity given charm as his chief attribute. On both falls the wrath of the goods, but to the mere

dilettante in love room is left for repentance; for the man whose obsession has goaded him to murder, death is the only expiation. . .

It is a clear verdict. Whatever he may have done, Dickens is in no doubt in his judgement of himself. *Our Mutual Friend* shows that Dickens never did escape from his own ingrained code of moral behaviour; and that if, as Dame Una says, he lost his integrity and peace of mind, it was because he realised that he had done something (under duress) which cut at the very roots of his being. Never again was life to be simple and sincere for him: the very quickening of the pace at which he lived shows this. But the fact that he suffered from the consciousness of what he had done only goes to prove of what stuff he was made. The ingrained hypocrite takes life more easily than Dickens could.

Great Expectations is one of the greatest novels in our language. In it the whole problem of good and evil is displayed. It is written in a midnight darkness of the spirit. All the forces of evil are deployed against the pitiful weakness of the good. The dice are loaded against them. Joe Gargery and Biddy, Wemmick and the Aged P., and Herbert Pocket: these are the almost contemptible forces for good which stand in the breach, and contend for Pip's salvation. And in the end they prevail, not because they are strong, but because it is to the foolish and the weak, the babes and sucklings that the promise of eternal life is made. They prevail, because in the long run just plain human goodness and endurance do prevail; nothing can uproot them.

Believing this, then, can it be wondered at that Dickens was an unhappy man? And unhappy people are rarely agreeable. All that his daughter, Kate Perugini, seems to remember of those days was their depth of misery; and it is only through her that we know the little that we do know. But how many great men placed in the public eye, and subjected not only to the dæmon of their own genius, but also to the temptations inherent in popularity and power, retain to the end the sweetness, the sanity, and the humility of Sir Walter Scott? When we think of Dickens's life we must remember that it did, after all, provide the compost, as it were, from which so many of our delights have sprung. Take any part of it away and he would have been, if a better, also a different man. Our delights might also have been purer, but most certainly they would not have been the same.

VI.

I would now like to turn and consider Dickens as he reveals himself in the one book in which all the rest of his works are, as it were, included. I shall base what I have to say on *The Uncommercial Traveller*.

Of all Dickens's occasional writings this is by far the finest; but Dame Una Pope-Hennessy makes only two cursory references to it. Of all the critics who have written about Dickens only one, so far as I am aware, gives it a good word—and he is that most perceptive writer George Gissing. He places *The Uncommercial Traveller* on a level with "The Essays of Elia," and I am sure that he is right.

As a record of personal experience I should say that *The Uncommercial Traveller* can be set beside Scott's "Journal." The only real difference between them is that of two completely different personalities. Scott's shunning of society must be contrasted with Dickens's social activity. Scott is most himself when he is alone; Dickens when he has identified himself with a crowd. It is only to his public that Dickens is perfectly frank—more frank than perhaps he or they realised. So in these collected papers, written in the last decade of his life, the one that immediately precedes the Franco-Prussian War, Dickens passes in review all the interests and pre-occupations of his whole life. We find here the themes, as it were

of all his novels ; and it is a most fascinating pursuit to place each in its context.

Dame Una speaks of *The Uncommercial Traveller* as having been "ground out," mere "stop-gaps" for the magazine *All the Year Round*. If that is really the case it only proves that Dickens was at his best when the printer's devil was at the door ; for they are written at the height of his powers as an artist in a heat of composition, in a style so full of grace and strength that one finds oneself constantly turning back to linger on lovely words and phrases. And wherever the light of his imagination and sympathy is turned the dead years roll back, and the life of vanished days is all around us.

If, as Bernard Shaw says, there is a "dumbness of soul and noisiness of pen" in Dickens's letters, here every word seems to flow straight from the heart, and to be spoken into the ear of a friend. And for those who have ears to hear and eyes to see, here is the man himself at his very best—and, as light is to darkness, so is a man's best to his worst. If Dickens did exhibit ugly traits in the course of an arduous and tormented career, the astonishing thing is that, handicapped as he was, he retained so much that is lovable and admirable right down to the very end. Here, then, turning aside from the dusty arena of his everyday life we find our well-loved Boz preoccupied as ever, not primarily with himself, but with human drama around him in the street ; with the conditions in which so many have to live out their lives ; with the humour and pathos of their pathetic vanities and subterfuges ; with abuses that may be remedied, and evils that must be realised ; but, above all, with the sense strong upon him that he has a responsibility towards these inarticulate creatures. There are times when Dickens rises to the stature of Moses in his indignation and compassion.

That is the chief impression one carries away from *The Uncommercial Traveller* ; but so much is packed into these thirty-seven essays that it is almost impossible to exhaust their supply. We are shuttled about from Dickens's own earliest recollections to the most amazing and modern views on education and child psychology ; from the humours of a channel-crossing to the equivalent of our British Restaurant. We visit almshouses, workhouses, theatres, Covent Garden, coffee-stalls, hospitals, remand homes, brothels, churches, docks and dockyards, fair-grounds, country inns, refreshment rooms, eating-houses. We go down into the country and see the country houses, the pedlars and hawkers, hop-pickers, tramps and beggars. We go abroad, and travel with Dickens in a luxurious coach across France, or ride with him on a mule over the Alps.

There is something so nostalgic about these papers that betrays the strain under which Dickens must normally have lived. And that brings me to the vexed question of Dickens's feelings about London.

VII.

Dame Una affirms that Dickens did not love the great city with which he is so closely associated, and supports her contention with quotations from his own letters. Now I think that if she had really studied *The Uncommercial Traveller* her judgement would have penetrated deeper below the surface to that strange morbid streak in Dickens, of which he seems to have been fully aware. Speaking of the fascination the Morgue in Paris exercised over him, he uses a most revealing phrase : "the attraction of repulsion." And, if this is true of the Morgue in Paris, the darker side of London must have had a similar hold on his imagination. I do not think it possible that anyone could "love" the London Dickens knew so intimately : the London of Night Walks,

and the Klem family, and Mr. Baker's Trap: the London so dimly lighted by his Little Star in the East, where children ran wild and savage on the streets, or sat, too hungry even to beg for relief in their squalid disease-ridden homes: the London of both the humour and the tragedy of his novels.

Gissing goes straight to the point when he says that Dickens's comedy is at its best when it rises out of the common stuff of life and Gissing could speak with fellow-feeling, for he, too, knew the seamy side of life in London. To him one of the most remarkable things about Dickens was that he could extract humour from that social pest, the lower-class landlady. Gissing, whose natural bent was more that of a scholar than a novelist, was never able to stand back sufficiently far from his cruel experiences to be able to laugh at them by contrast, Dickens, who had escaped, found that he could write with most ease when he could steep himself again in the atmosphere of those early days; the world of his imagination and London were one and the same thing, and in *that* sense Dickens loved his London, and immortalised it.

Even the London animals attracted his humour. Here are two delightful thumb-nail sketches. Take this donkey: "A flaring candle in a paper shade, stuck in among his periwinkles, showed him, with his ragged harness broken and his cart extensively shattered, twitching his mouth and shaking his hanging head, a picture of disgrace and obduracy." Or London cats: "Their linen is wretchedly got up their black turns rusty like old mourning; they wear very indifferent fur; and take to the shabbiest of cotton velvet, instead of silk velvet. In appearance they are very like the women among whom they live. They seem to turn out of their unwholesome beds into the street without any preparation. They leave the young of their families to stagger about the gutters, unassisted, while they frouzily quarrel and swear and scratch and spit, at street corners."

It would take indeed a paper as long as *The Uncommercial Traveller* itself to tell, or talk about all that this extraordinary book contains—over and above Dickens himself; but, then, all that it does contain is in some strange way part and parcel of his life. "I have sat," he writes, "in that singular silence which belongs to resting-places usually astir, in scores of buildings at the heart of the world's metropolis unknown to far greater numbers of people speaking the English tongue than the ancient edifices of the Eternal City, or the Pyramids of Egypt."

The more one reflects on Dickens's life the more one stands amazed not only at all that it had to contend with, internal and external, not only at all the burdens material and spiritual it had to carry, not only at all that it achieved in its short span; but chiefly that any flesh and blood, heart and nerves and mind could have been so richly dowered, or carried such a superhuman load of life and death.

VIII.

For Dickens *lived* the life of his mortal years, but he also lived the life of a generation whose history is scarcely less astonishing than that of the Elizabethans. For all time he is the spokesman and interpreter of its humblest people. His influence is so deep and subtle that to this hour who shall say where it ends, or to what part of the world it has not extended? So much that we now take for granted springs from him. We may acclaim, or we may jeer at, his idea of Christmas but what shall we say of the democracy which has seeped into our minds, through our parents' minds, perhaps, and their parents' before them, from his pages. In great measure he created the common idea

of democracy as we know it in this land; where human beings are valued *as* human beings; and ordinary decency is the *sine quâ non* of ordinary life.

And so we have to remember when we think of Charles Dickens, not only the vivid, glittering little man his contemporaries found at times so distressing, but also this other immortal and yet so human figure. In some ways we are fortunate. We, his Public, are the eternal friends and confidants of Charles Dickens. It is to *us* he speaks most freely; and we must be careful not to allow the surface, which we may or may not like, to conceal the depths beneath. It would be an unspeakable loss, both to ourselves and to those who come after us, if, discouraged or disgusted by his frailties, we were to lose sight of his eternal glories — the chief of which is his simple human goodness.

* * * * *

"I believe, Papa," Katie, his daughter, once said to him, "that when you become an angel your wings will be made of looking-glass and your crown of geraniums."

I like that. It is bright, and light, and gay. It appeals to a child's fancy. That is what I remember when I think of Dickens's home life; and I hope that already he is crowned with those geraniums, and enjoying the heavenly reflections in his wings as much as he enjoyed the reflections he saw in the mirror of life while he was here on earth.

THE DICKENSIAN'S BOOKSHELF

THE many Dickensians who were unable to obtain copies of George Orwell's *Inside the Whale*, when it appeared in 1940, will greatly value the further opportunity of securing the stimulating essay on Dickens which it contained. It appears again in a new volume,* the second edition of which is now in the press. A re-reading confirms original impressions and the reader is referred to T. W. Hill's review of the essay in its first form (*The Dickensian*, 1940, p. 174). Mr. Orwell writes with a definite "Leftist" bias, yet it is "everybody's Dickens with which he is concerned and not the heartless egoist of recent excavations, and the works are the well-known works, not those with all the reading between the lines to be deciphered," as is remarked by a reviewer. The author denies that Dickens was a champion of the proletariat and is convinced that he had only a vague idea of what was wrong with society, but that it was something that could easily be put right by the application of the Cheeryble spirit. Such ideas do not appeal to Mr. Orwell, but his appreciation of the genius of Dickens is not thereby in the least impaired.

An interesting book† has been written by R. J. Cruikshank to commemorate the centenary of *The Daily News*. A limited edition has been printed for presentation to guests at the Centenary Banquet, reported in our last issue. It is an attractively-produced volume which tells the story of the founding of the great newspaper by Charles Dickens, and follows closely the developments of history, the arts and sciences during the century. Extended review must await the appearance of the edition to be published later by Hamish Hamilton.

Another volume‡ of essays and light pieces comes from the pen of A. Ll. Matthison. Its interest for the Dickensian lies in a fifteen-page fantasy, "Charles and William," which recounts the story of the supposed meeting of the novelist with Shakespeare in another world. In the lightest vein, it makes delightful reading. The volume is copiously illustrated.

L. C. S.

* *Critical Essays*, by George Orwell. Secker and Warburg: 8s. 6d,

† *The Roaring Century*, by R. J. Cruikshank. Privately printed.

‡ *In Reply to Yours*, by A. Ll. Matthison. Cornish Bros., Birmingham. 12s. 6d.

A FRENCH PHILOSOPHER ON DICKENS

By FRANK A. GIBSON

I

THE paper bands which French publishers are so fond of wrapping round their new books serve a double purpose; on the one hand they tell a possible reader what the publisher would like to suggest about the book, and on the other they prevent him from ascertaining whether the suggestion is correct. A case in point is the new book by Alain, *En lisant Dickens* (Gallimard, 90 fr.), the band wrapper of which bears the inscription in large lettering, "Is England as romantic as all that?" (*L'Angleterre est-elle romanesque à ce point* ?). Alain himself does not ask this question, and it is therefore useless to wonder how he would answer it. This said, it must be made clear at once that the new book by the veteran philosopher of Paris is a rare appreciation of Dickens, and, at least in one respect—chiefly the respect Alain bears it because of Dickens—of England as well.

"I have always read and re-read Dickens," says Alain, "without any fatigue. I had the feeling that I was learning something that mattered. Dickens, in my view, is the only novelist who, instead of suggesting to me ideas that he has invented, suggests to me my own." Each of the little red volumes issued by Hachette (the authorised French edition) represents to Alain a world which for him has not changed. "This world is London as it is, that is to say an immense suburb with big and busy streets and little parks with agreeable houses, birds and fountains." This "little-known universe" one finds everywhere in Dickens. It grows under one's eyes like a number of cells. In *Our Mutual Friend* the landlady of the Fellowship-Porters is a kind of judge, much feared by Thames mariners, making her own laws, which are obeyed. (This view of a judge's function, we would point out, is not essentially English.) "This social cell nourishes others and London begins to exist." The description is less of what *is* than of what is *done*. "Such was the impression I had when I first read Dickens, and I have not had occasion to change it."

Appreciative as Alain is of Dickens, he is not blind to shadows which fall on the picture, and in the chapter on *Oliver Twist* (the novels, from the *Sketches* to *Edwin Drood*, are discussed chronologically) he makes the revealing comment on Noah Claypole: "I have always loved Dickens, and yet such brutes as he shows us I have never known." Here it is possible that Alain momentarily overlooks the lapse of time since Oliver went to bed among the coffins. Henry Fielding knew such brutes—and worse—as any reader of his *Voyage to Lisbon* will remember; and greatly perturbed he was at their contemplation; but that was an even earlier and more brutal age.

II

To Alain the whole of Dickens is a kind of human geography. "Quite expressly, I enter Dickens as into a geography; I explore it as a reality." One of the strongest instances of this "human geography" he finds in *Barnaby Rudge*, "this story of a riot that was nearly a revolution." The riot is recognised by the sound of feet, by the cries; "the characters, Dennis, Barnaby, Hugh, relax like springs and move with the mob, which is one of the finest in all literature." Alain does not ignore the "psychological treasure trove and wealth in Dickens, but he believes they are effect rather than cause. ("La psychologie n'y est pas ressort, elle y est entièrement effet.") The human discoveries, which are innumerable and new in Dickens, are the result rather of creation than reflection; the human animal is

born at a stroke ; he develops according to his law. For instance, Jonas Chuzzlewit and even his crime are realities inseparable from the sinister little room and the terrible little wood." Jonas's calculations, his resolve, hardly matter ; Alain feels it is a fact at once that Jonas will kill Montague, almost that he has already killed him. The " wise psychologists " are laid low by Dickens's genius, as by a tempest. " It will be concluded, perhaps, as I conclude, that there is only one novelist in the world, Dickens, or to put it differently, that there is only one England, which is that if Dickens."

" Do not ask the Englishman," says Alain in his chapter on the Christmas tales, " why Christmas must be celebrated, or he will colonise you at once. Sometimes I have thought that the tales and novels of Dickens, taken together, have saved humanity, and on the eve of the greatest misfortunes have founded immobility— principle of all sports and all records. To drive well, be immobile ; to box well, be the same ; and wait so long that the opponent sees himself vanquished for ever (*cf.* the battle of Jutland). Become English, then, if you are not already. And begin by reading Dickens, who will teach you the secret of English as it is spoken, which is not to be found in the grammars."

Alain's favourite Dickens novel, chosen with a well-considered defiance of all other critics, is *Our Mutual Friend* (*L'Ami Commun*), in his view " the masterpiece and very spirit of Dickens." For one thing it is all about London, of which Alain has formed a dream world, for he has never visited it. In *Our Mutual Friend* " everything takes place between the Port of London and a lock on the upper reaches of the Thames." " There is a smoke, an atmosphere, a horror of things proper to Dickens ; we are thrown at once into the horrors of London. From this immobile conglomeration emerges the fisher of the dead in his sinister boat marked with a stain at the bottom." The boat is rowed by " an Undine of the Thames "—who was later (as Alain points out) to employ her practised eye and skill, thus horribly acquired, in rescuing her lover—" rowing " (to quote Dickens) " as never other English woman rowed on English water," and seeing what " an *untrained* sight would never have seen." The Fellowship-Porters is " the finest inn in Dickens, with, above all, the most astonishing hostess."

III

But of the women of Dickens, Alain is inclined on the whole to take a rather sombre view. Not everyone will agree entirely with his remark that *Great Expectations* is " happily executed " (here Alain might profitably extend his knowledge of Dickens's private affairs) ; but few will dispute his dictum concerning Miss Haversham that " feminine rage never before went to the length of bringing up a young girl to make men unhappy ; a feminine thesis is shown here unique in letters." Alain's point of view is well brought out in his study of *Dombey and Son*. " The marriage of Dombey with the beautiful Edith is not an end but a beginning. Here opens an immense novel of transparency and clearness, some will say psychology. The pride of Dombey, which is not small, is completely checked by the pride of Edith, so consistent and logical. For does he not invoke love and duty, ' he who yet knows how he obtained me, who knows whether I love him, whether I could love him.' This view of inexorable woman is not new in Dickens ; he has placed it here and there as if to remind us of a fundamental and inflexible claim. There are Tattycoram, Miss Dartle, Lady Dedlock, Miss Wade. . . . Others speak less but are not less eloquent, whether their name is Martha or otherwise. One hardly hears them, one only sees them descend at the side of the bridge ;

they are going to throw themselves into the river." Even Mrs. MacStinger is "an example of these furies who do not forgive." Alain thinks, too, of Louisa Bounderby, who also sacrifices herself without tenderness, in scorn of the rich man. "The traits are not fortuitous; they express by the woman herself a kind of scorn of woman that the woman cannot accept. This notion of Dickens is the blackest ink stain of satire, and his ink is black enough."

Like Chesterton and another French critic, Maurois, Alain will have none of the view that Dickens's characters do not occur in real life. Why, in effect he asks, should they? For instance, in creating Major Bagstock, "one of his most astonishing monsters," Dickens reveals man under a monstrous form. "The weak man then says: 'That is not like anyone.' Whereas anyone who knows how to read will say: 'That is like everybody.'" In Bagstock, Dickens "once more hurtles pale reality against fantastic and inhuman forms, and earthly pallor is illumined by the shock." In short, as Alain says in so many words, Bagstock is another instance of caricatures, frankly impossible, which show up very well our agreeable manners. And "the pale world, the pale Solomon Gills, and all those beings whom one would hardly see, are thrown up in strong colour by their intersection with the truculent phantoms called Bagstock, Cuttle and Carker."

IV

The impression that it is not the humour of Dickens which makes a primary appeal to Alain does not seem incorrect. Micawber is "this illustrious clown," but he is taken very seriously and hauled over the coals. "I cannot help thinking that the Circumlocution Office is peopled with Micawbers, comfortably placed and astonished that anyone should trouble them with complaints that a Micawber regards as absurd." David is surprised to find, when he writes to Miss Mills, that his style is like Micawber's. "The fact is that David never asks himself if he deserves to be loved. This touch is pure Micawber." Mr. Micawber's opinion of himself, expressed by Mrs. Micawber, is that everything is wrong because there is not a Micawber in every department. Alain has known people who were fit for everything and candidates for everything; and they also had no money.

Of *Pickwick*, Alain makes the discovery, surprising to him, that the most brilliant pages of the book are absolutely in Voltaire's style. He supposes—correctly—that when Dickens was 25, Voltaire was much read in England; and, as he remarks, English humour *is* Voltairean. "The tale of the phantom coach in Chapter 49 is related in the style of Sam Weller, a style which in effect permeates all Dickens's works and gives them force by virtue of the Voltairean form."

Alain's concentration on those aspects of Dickens not purely comic is seen in the least strong though not the shortest chapter of his book, that on *Nicholas Nickleby*, the glorious and fresh humour of which seems rather to have escaped him. Yet he is able to write as his opening words: "In *Nicholas Nickleby*, which I thought I knew, I came upon the classic episode of the coach which overturns, so that all the travellers have to narrate a story. All that is very tiresome, but the genius of Dickens regained its imperial sway over me; and all was well."

The shortest chapter, that on the *Sketches*, makes the excellent point that these early papers of Dickens are widely separated from the novels, not merely as sketches but because of their almost complete lack of phantasy. "The design is precise and finely drawn. The novels, on the contrary, develop in smoke. Their characters are like apparitions. The *Sketches* contain none of those enormous caricatures

so masterfully designed by Dickens ; their characters are natural and very closely observed. For that reason they have no reality." It is as if Dickens, when arrived at mastery, designed on a background of shadows and shapes, producing his creations from the chaos. "At once all is real ; the characters live, and we submit to them as to figures of history or the people who surround us, who indeed have no need of proof."

Alain, by the way, we would respectfully remind him, is apparently under a misapprehension in mentioning, as he does more than once, that *The Old Curiosity Shop* was originally planned as a Christmas tale. It was, as Forster tells us, at first intended to be a short story, but the dates of publication preclude any possible connection with Christmas. The two weekly numbers of *Master Humphrey's Clock* published round about Christmas actually dealt with nothing more festive than Kit Nubbles's incarceration. There is also a slight and pardonable error of chronology in placing Barnaby Rudge between Chuzzlewit and the Christmas Tales.

It would be unfitting to take leave of Alain's most fascinating and valuable study without a tribute to its generosity. Alain is one of France's great critics, and in this work, in effect, he seems only to criticise his own appreciation of the English author, which is almost unwavering. English people do not forget that France also has her great authors.

UNCOLLECTED SPEECHES

THE ROYAL GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND

(See note on page 72)

XIV.

TENTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL HELD AT THE LONDON TAVERN ON APRIL 2ND, 1855. CHAIRMAN, J. B. BUCKSTONE, ESQ.

(*a*)

MR. CHARLES DICKENS proposed the toast of the evening, and spoke as follows :—

"I dare say, gentlemen, it is within the theatrical experience of most of us that upon some occasion when we have been at the play—when everything has progressed in the most satisfactory manner—when the principal actor has been a decided favourite when every point has told with the people in front—when no one has had the misfortune to make one of those little mistakes which we call 'missing his tip'—(laughter)—I dare say that, within the theatrical experience of most of you, on some occasion, the act drop being down, there has unexpectedly appeared before it, on one side, a gentleman in plain clothes, with his hat feelingly clasped in both his hands, and not without some appearances of the streets upon his boots—a gentleman of pale aspect in sight of the audience, which is partly referable to the agitation of his feelings, and partly to the strong action floating on features unprepared by the hare's foot—but before that gentleman has opened his lips in reference to the 'proverbial generosity of the British public,' you immediately perceive with dismay that he has come forward to apologise.—(Hear, hear, and laughter.) Now, I am that gentleman upon the present occasion.—(Renewed laughter.) Ladies and gentlemen, therefore (laughter), I am commissioned by the management to inform you, that Mr. Buckstone, owing to circumstances over which

he has no control, has been put up for two parts in this piece, and finds himself unable to appear in both of them at the same time.—(Laughter.) He is at the present moment, making himself up for his favourite character—Treasurer to the General Theatrical Fund (cheers and laughter), in which arduous impersonations he has, through several successive seasons at this establishment, been sustained by your applause.—(Hear.) He, therefore, finds himself unable, for the moment, to appear in that other character of Chairman, for which he has been announced in the bill, and in which he would have delivered that well-known and spirit-stirring address, which would have so much affected you.—(Laughter.) In this dilemma, relying on that consideration which was never appealed to in vain—I allude to the consideration of a British audience—perhaps you will permit me to 'walk through Mr. Buckstone's part.'—(Loud applause.) Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, I have to say to you in this way, that perhaps you will allow me to state to you what Mr. Buckstone would have said.—(Laughter.) Ladies and gentlemen, on receiving from Mr. Toole the key-note, 'Pray, silence—chair!' Mr. Buckstone would have risen to have proposed the toast of the evening, and in so doing he would have commenced by congratulating the members of the 'Theatrical Fund' on the numerous and respectable assembly before him, testifying as it does to their sense of the merits of the institution itself, and to the fact, that in the midst of wars and tumults, the humanising arts are not forgotten.—(Applause.) Least of all, as is natural, the art of literature, through the means of one little play, has made the battles of Poictiers and Agincourt more renowned than all the chroniclers and historians put together, and which—no disrespect to those 'thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,' referred to by our Chairman—has done more to stir the bold English blood in a just cause, than all the parliamentary speeches which were ever delivered—than all the debates which ever made night hideous.—(Loud cheers.) Surely you are not inappropriately asked to remember this object in a time of war, when it can present to you tangibly, and in glowing pictures, the joys of military triumph, the sorrows of defeat, the constancy of noble minds—the misfortunes and unspeakable calamities of war (hear, hear), and the inappreciable blessings of peace.—(Cheers.) You are besought most worthily to remember this object of maintaining and encouraging a society which comprehends every grade of actors without limitation—which is fettered by no hard restrictions or impossible conditions—which embraces all theatrical professors, high and low, equally training them to be provident before they are independent—and which succours all who are responsive to its appeal. The resources of the society become their right, so that the proudest spirit need not blush to accept its aid. Lastly, gentlemen, and in a word, you are asked to help those who under trouble and difficulty have helped themselves. You are asked to do this in tender remembrance of those efforts which have lightened our cares and have placed us for the time in a wider and less selfish world in lieu of that which is so much with us early and late. This is the sum and substance of Mr. Buckstone's case if he had been able to appear in that principal character for which he is put down in the bill. At the right moment you would have heard all that fervent eloquence which belongs to the part, and would have seen all the humour connected with it thoroughly performed. As I have now the pleasure of observing Mr. Buckstone at the wing, evidently well up in the part of Treasurer, with his property documents all ready—eager to come on—I will, with your permission, leave the stage to him, merely observing that I think I detect mischief in his treasury eye, and I would recommend to you the caution once regularly administered at the opening of the pit doors, 'Take care of

your pockets!' I have now to propose to you 'Prosperity to the General Theatrical Fund.'"

(*b*)

In proposing the Health of the Chairman, Mr. Charles Dickens was sure that, after the address they had just heard, he need say but little in proposing to them the health of their respected Chairman, and prosperity to the Haymarket Theatre. If Mr. Buckstone were any ordinary chairman, he might pass the toast over without any further observations; but he was not so—he was a gentleman with a special claim on their regards. He could answer for it from his recollections as a boy, twenty-five years ago, how much the acting of that gentleman had enchanted him, as, no doubt, it then did many others, and how he went home to dream of his comicalities. When at the Adelphi, Mr. Buckstone was great in his most original boys, as he is now excellent in everything. Who can forget at that time his leading home the inebriated Master Magog, the Beadle; or, in later days, his drunken man in *Presented at Court*; or his *Rough Diamond*, with his huge shirt collar and most natural account of the doings at his home village? It was gratifying to notice the progress Mr. Buckstone had made in his profession since that time, but that was not the only claim the Chairman had upon them—he had always shown himself most ready to urge the claims of their benevolent fund, and to support and aid a brother actor. Mr. Buckstone had now become a manager, and it was to be hoped that, by keeping everybody and everything in their proper places, he would command that success which he so much deserved.—(Cheers.). If in the Crimea, or in the East at the theatre of war, they had met with some checks, and nothing was to be found that was required, it was gratifying to know that such was not the case at the Haymarket Theatre. If Mr. Buckstone had some slight comestibles and luxuries to present to his patrons—if he had to bring his ships upon the stage, they might depend upon it that everything good would not be found packed under 500 tons of iron, nor would he be unable to fire a shot because they had all been left somewhere where they were not wanted.—(Cheers and laughter.) It had given him great delight to witness the spirit with which Mr. Buckstone had conducted his house—to enjoy the acting of Miss Cushman, or the twinkling of the feet of the Spanish dancers.—(Cheers.) Again, wishing them every success, he begged to propose to them "the health of Mr. Buckstone, and success to the Haymarket Theatre."

XV.

ELEVENTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL HELD AT THE LONDON TAVERN ON MARCH 17TH, 1856. CHAIRMAN, THE RT. HON. THE LORD TENTERDEN.

(*a*)

MR. CHARLES DICKENS returned thanks. He said:—I well remember that when the opera of "Gustavus" was first produced at Covent Garden, the audience found something dangerously comic in that person referring to that which was the most momentous portion of his existence, whether he should or should not go to the ball where he received his death-wound, and the walking gentleman, Mr. Baker, who had never before opened his lips or given any sign of his existence—I forget what Mr. Baker's opinion was—but the audience had no faith in him; and then Mr. Baker, who was dressed in a Court dress as the Court physician, replied to his royal master, that the audience certainly were not so serious as they might have been.—(Hear, hear.) Now, the trustees are the Court physicians and walking gentlemen in this

place, inasmuch as we have nothing to do but to accept your thanks every year, and to acknowledge the same. My interest in the funds of this society dates from the establishment of the fund itself. I found the fund, in the beginning, a plain, unpretending reality, designed by actors for the benefit of actors of all degrees, gratuitously administered by actors for actors, and supported out of their small earnings from year to year and from month to month.—(Hear, hear.) From that time to the present I found it the same, exactly what it claims and professes to be, with no kind of false pretence about it; and I do thoroughly believe it is one of the most deserving institutions in this country.—(Cheers.) I had, a few days ago, a communication from my friend and fellow-trustee, Mr. Macready, on the subject of this fund, and it arose out of that great change which has made Covent Garden Theatre a heap of ruins. That occasioned us to remember afresh that the English drama has no home, or hopes for a home, in that waste spot. –(Hear, hear.) That occasioned us to look afresh into the future, whether there might be any claimants left on the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund (hear, hear), and while it will be impossible that any new members can be made, I do indulge a hope, amounting almost to a conviction, that the accumulated wealth of that institution must ultimately flow into the coffers of this society.—(Cheers.) If it were possible in the nature of things, that these distinguished professors of the dramatic art, who are now most justly enjoying their annuities out of that fund, as the result of their contributions to it, and even if it were possible to double, treble, and quadruple what they are now entitled to, we should all be delighted; but we cannot imagine, when all the purposes for which that fund was established, are impossible of realisation, what can become of its great capital, unless it finds its way to an institution founded for, and made accessible to, the whole dramatic profession throughout this kingdom.—(Cheers.) Having now thanked you on behalf of the trustees, for your favourable reception of their names, I will no longer stand in the way of the next toast, but thank you most gratefully for the handsome, kind, and ready manner in which you were pleased to receive my name.—(Cheers.)

(*b*)

In proposing the health of the artistes, Mr. Dickens said he would not follow the horrible example of his friend, Mr. Taylor, who began by addressing the ladies, informing them that none of the other speakers had paid any regard to them, and having thus taken advantage of their unsuspecting nature (laughter) to gain their willing ear, forthwith abandoned them, addressed himself to the gentlemen, and never after alluded to the ladies throughout his speech.—(Laughter.) The ladies and gentlemen present or a large portion of them would know that in order to make a performance go smoothly it was necessary to arrange a number of little points beforehand. Now a little point had been arranged between Lord Tenterden and himself, which he would give the public the benefit of. Lord Tenterden had arranged for himself a speech which he had enjoined him (Mr. Dickens) not to entrench upon. It was enjoined to leave to the Chairman a little fat, and he was cautioned to keep to his toast. He would do so. He was sure they were under deep obligations to the professional ladies and gentlemen who had contributed so much towards their enjoyment that evening, and he felt it a great honour to be allowed to propose their healths.—(Cheers.)

NOTES ON *MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT*

By T. W. HILL

Introduction

DICKENS opens this book in an unusual way, for him. Many of the early novel-writers started their stories with a chapter giving genealogical details of the family about whom they were going to write. Scott nearly always adopted this course, and genealogical chapters will also be found in Richardson, Thackeray, and others. In *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Dickens contrary to his ordinary practice, begins with genealogy, but in his own particular way, half humorous, half satirical. He has a deliberate purpose and, under the guise of a humorous survey of English History, traces the Chuzzlewits through the ages, shewing that the peculiar characteristics of the family that are to appear in the subsequent narrative are not confined to the one generation about which he is going to write, but are inherent in the family tree from many generations of forbears.

To appreciate the humour of the American chapters it is desirable to have some knowledge of *American Notes* which was published before *Martin Chuzzlewit* was written. The former book deals with actualities that are turned to so amusing a use in the novel. [Some critics has said that the American episodes are unnecessary to the plot, but Dickens, from whom there is no appeal, did not think so and they certainly serve their purpose by acting on Martin's selfish nature as a "refining fire," for he comes back to England an altered character.]

It will be noticed that Dickens makes extensive use of his extraordinary knowledge of English proverbs, saws and other popular sayings; an endeavour has been made to trace their origin.

Notes

Chapter I

1. COAL-MERCHANTS. The retail coal-trade, often combined with that of greengrocer, had the reputation of being an easy way of making money although many of those who sold coal and firewood had the appearance of being far from prosperous. In *David Copperfield* Mr. Micawber in one of his embarrassed periods turns his thoughts to coal (corn having failed) and Nadgett in the present book, always shabby, might have been a coal-merchant (Chapter XXVII).

2. MATCH-MAKER. A play on the word match, connecting Guy Fawkes and the Gunpowder Plot, with King James I's project to marry Prince Charles to Donna Maria, Infanta of Spain.

3. INGENIOUS LABOUR ON THE PART OF A COMMENTATOR. A sly dig at the wild guesses occasionally made by annotators. It cannot of course have reference to the present writer.

4. DINING WITH DUKE HUMPHREY. A euphemism for going without a meal. When Humphrey Duke of Gloucester died in 1447 he was to have had a monument in St. Paul's (the old cathedral) but was actually buried at St. Albans. Needy people repaired to the nave (Paul's Walk) at dinner time to look at his reputed tomb, although it was really that of Sir J. Beauchamp (died 1360), and obtain shelter at the same time.

5. BEND SINISTER. Heraldic "over-the-left." In heraldry a "bend" (band) runs from the top left corner of the escutcheon to the bottom right corner. The bend sinister runs along the opposite diagonal and is a sign of illegitimacy or other "abatement" of dignity.

6. UNCLE (GOLDEN BALLS). A slang term for pawnbroker; the French equivalent is "ma tante" (my aunt). Brewer says that "uncle" is a pun on the latin word *uncus*, a hook, as hooks were used to lift articles deposited before the "spout" (a shoot or lift) was introduced. These spouts gave rise to the phrase "up the spout." Anyway both "uncle" and "aunt" make a plausible excuse for the expression "a near relative" who might assist one temporarily embarrassed.

7. CHISELLING. Cheating, particularly if the fraud has been very neatly accomplished.

8. MONBODDO DOCTRINE. Lord Monboddo (1714-1799) Scottish judge. Author of "Origin and Progress of Language" in which is included some speculations on evolution and an assertion that there is a close relationship between man and the orang-outan.

9. BLUMENBACH. Johannes Friederich Blumenbach (1752-1840), naturalist; a pioneer in the study of Comparative Anatomy, by which the real relations of man and animals was ascertained.

CHAPTER II

1. WILTSHIRE VILLAGE. Dickens does not name this village, and, though Amesbury, eight miles north of Salisbury, is usually mentioned, the confusion (perhaps intentional) in the geography of the district seems to indicate that Amesbury is *not* the "little Wiltshire village." The various elements of the composite picture Dickens drew are common to most villages. One real difference is marked. The tapering spire of the village church is mentioned more than once, and Amesbury church has a square tower without a spire. "The England of Dickens" by Walter Dexter should be consulted.

2. OUT UPON THE ANGRY WIND. "Out upon" used as an interjection expressing anger or grief, or instead of "begone" was quite common but has become somewhat archaic. Shakespeare uses it, *i.e.* in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" act iii, sc. 2: "Out upon you, how I am mistook in you."

3. BLUE DRAGON. There is no Blue Dragon at Amesbury, and if the principal inn, the George, is intended, it is a good deal more than an "ale-house," for it is a commodious double-fronted Commercial Hotel with an archway leading to a large courtyard and stables.

4. MAKE A NIGHT OF IT. Extend an engagement beyond an hour or two, and put off all other commitments.

5. SHORT-SIXES. Candles, which are made in sizes weighing so many to the pound, *i.e.*, fours, sixes, eights, tens; short or long according to the thickness of the stem of the candle.

6. FORTUNATUS'S PURSE. That is inexhaustible; from a xvth century German fairy-tale.

7. COPY-BOOK. Part of the school curriculum in former days was the formation of handwriting by the use of an exercise-book oblong octavo, each page of which was headed with an engraved specimen of calligraphy to be copied by the pupil on blank lines below. The "copy" was usually a proverb or as Dickens says a "virtuous precept."

8. TWO-PAIR FRONT. Two-pair, an antiquated term for two flights of stairs. Hence the Two-pair Front was the front room on the second floor.

9. PASTORAL AGE. That mythical period of history (if it ever was) when life was as simple and idyllic as the life of a shepherd—all ease, comfort, romance, music and poetry. Who did the work in those halcyon days?

10. I WILL FORGIVE YOU. Pecksniff had in his character much in common with Uriah Heep, who after David has struck him (Chapter XLII) says, "I forgive you . . . I do and you can't help yourself."

CHAPTER III

1. ON THE CARPET. From the French "sur le tapis." Tapis means tab e-cloth as well as carpet; hence to place a subject upon the tapis or carpet means to have it ready for discussing at a meeting. Further, to be "on the carpet" is to be brought before an authority for admonition.

2. WARMING PAN. "A harmless, useful and comforting article of domestic furniture" (Serjeant Buzfuz). Nowadays hung on the wall, having been displaced by hot-water bottles.

3. THRESHOLD. The wald or wood that is thrashed or beaten (trodden) by the feet of people entering a doorway. (Anglo-Saxon Thersewald.)

4. OLD SPANISH MAHOGANY. Spanish mahogany comes from Cuba and San Domingo, former possessions of Spain, where the tree attains a height of 80 to 100 feet with a trunk thick in proportion. The writer knows a West End Club the coffee-room of which has tables whose tops are each three feet square in one piece (not veneered) and more than an inch thick; in a little more than a century constant polishing had given these tables a mirror-like surface of a very rich dark red colour.

5. TURNED EVERYTHING HE TOUCHED TO GOLD. A reference of course to Midas King of Phrygia, whose request to the Gods that everything he touched should be turned to gold was granted, and in consequence his food also became gold and he asked the Gods to recall their gift.

6. BED FURNITURE. That is, the hangings and valance, usually of flowered chintz or dimity, in the days of four-post beds. There is a reference to these hangings in the old song " Dolly Varden " :

" She dresses in bed-furniture
Just like a flower-garden
A-blowin' and a-growin', and
They call it Dolly Varden."

Chapter IV

1. THREE WHOLE DAYS. There is an inexplicable inconsistency between this paragraph and that following. How could Pecksniff spend three whole days without going beyond his own garden, and yet during the whole time haunt the Dragon night and day ? J. H. McNulty in *The Dickensian*, 1940, ingeniously proposes to insert an " omitted " chapter to fill the interval between the two paragraphs.

2. HIS BRACES AND HIS STRAPS. Before the days of ironed creases down men's trouser-legs, these garments were strapped under the arch of the boots to prevent " bagging " at the knees ; trousers used to be worn much more closely fitting than now.

3. GATHERING THE SKIRTS OF HIS COAT. Coats used to be worn longer than is the present fashion of the short jacket, and had a decided " waist."

4. MANY CUTS ABOVE ME. " A cut above " is a figurative expression taken from the ancient system of counting by cutting notches in a tally-stick. Many cuts above therefore implies great superiority. *Cf.* Ch. VII : " Nobody can come up to him," an expression having much the same meaning, taken from the race track.

5. CAMLET CLOAK. Camlet is a fine cloth woven from Turkish yarn (goats' hair). The word is Arabic.

6. HERCULES MAY LAY ABOUT HIM. A capital instance of the humorous way in which Dickens could deal with a quotation and turn it to his own purpose. The exact wording of the lines from *Hamlet* is :

" Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day."

Act V, Sc. 1.

7. HALF-MOON AND SEVEN STARS. The Half-moon and the Seven Stars (Charles's wain) were favourite signs for inns. Here Dickens has combined them. Evidently the house was of much less importance than the Blue Dragon. If Amesbury is the village and the George is the Dragon, then the Bell, a more modest house of refreshment may represent the Half-moon and Seven Stars.

8. ROBIN REDBREAST.

" And the robins so red,
When they saw them lie dead
Brought strawberry leaves,
And over them spread.
Poor Babes in the Wood."

9. WINKING THEIR RED EYES. Dickens endows the treacherous Jonas with similar eyes to those of the treacherous Uriah in *David Copperfield*, of whom we read that he had " eyes of a red-brown so unsheltered and unshaded that I remember wondering how he went to sleep."

10. PERFECT SAMSON. An odd simile ; the old lady's strength of mind is by analogy as great as Samson's physical attainments.

11. BRIDEWELL. Originally a palace and a priory at Blackfriars built beside the Well of St. Bride (Bridget) ; later a residence of Cardinal Wolsey, 1512-25 ; then a palace of Henry VIII ; finally a prison or penitentiary ; destroyed by the Great Fire of London in 1666 ; rebuilt again as a prison for vagrants and unruly apprentices. Demolished in 1863.

12. BOTANY BAY. Close to Sydney, Australia. Discovered by Captain Cook in 1770, and received its name from the number of new plants found by him. It became a penal colony in 1787, soon removed to Sydney. Transportation ceased in 1867.

13. FABULOUS ANIMALS (PAGAN). The parenthesis is in Pecksniff's best manner, seeing that the Sirens, which he appears to think were animals, are mentioned in Homer's *Odyssey*.

CHAPTER V

1. POSSESSED. This transitive use of possessed for informed is almost unique in Dickens among modern authors. Mr. Tulkinghorn in *Bleak House* and Mr. Grewgious in *Edwin Drood* also use it.

2. GIG WITH A TUMOUR. A gig has not usually a hood; hence the Dickensian touch of humour.

3. SEVENFOLD: GOOD MEASURE. An ingenious application and combination of the Biblical "sevenfold" with the verse from Luke VI, 38: "give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over."

4. BEAVER BONNETS. Bonnets of the shape known as "poke" covered with beaver-skin, which has a soft velvety surface like very fine plush. Beaver-skin had been used for men's hats from Chaucer's time, till in the nineteenth century silk plush was introduced for the so-called top-hat. Almost the last member of London society to wear the real beaver hat and beaver gloves was George Richmond, R.A., the well-known portrait painter (died 1896). This is a personal recollection.

5. PHILIP QUARLL. An English hermit, in fiction, who became a sort of Robinson Crusoe, with a chimpanzee for a "Man Friday" (1727). The authorship of the tale, *The Hermit*, is attributed to Edward Dorrington. The story had been frequently adapted for children.

6. PERSIAN TALES. Otherwise "The Tales of the Genii, or The Delightful Lessons of Horan, the Son of Asmar; Faithfully translated from the Persian Manuscript by Sir Charles Morel, 2 Vols, 1764." Actually the author was the Rev. J. Ridley (1736-1765), and the Tales were entirely his own. There were many subsequent editions and reprints and one of the Tales was the foundation of Dickens's own childish effusion, "Misnar the Sultan of India," when he was about ten years of age.

6. ABUDAH. One of the characters in the foregoing.

7. ARABIAN NIGHTS. Always a great favourite with Dickens. The best known English version is that translated from the French of Antoine Galland, 12 Vols, 1704-8. A direct English translation from the Arabic by E. W. Lane was published in 1840. The usual editions for children have only a selection of the stories.

8. GREAT GLOWING BOTTLES AND STOPPERS. Chemists used to put in their windows three huge bottles holding about a gallon each of water coloured respectively red, yellow and green (sometimes blue) with hollow stoppers filled with similarly coloured water. Behind each bottle was a light that threw a ray visible from a long distance.

9. VESPER SERVICE. Vesper is often used, incorrectly, for the ordinary Evening Prayer in churches. Vespers is properly one of the Hours of the Pre-Reformation Church.

10. WILTSHIRE BEER. Enquiry in the county has failed to discover any particularly "stupendous" beer, or to associate any particular virtue with the Wiltshire variety. One must therefore conclude that, in comparison with the acid and colic-producing currant wine (two varieties) of the Pecksniffian festive board, Tom Pinch's jugful of this delectable beverage would be stupendous both in flavour and effect.

11. SHAWL. A very necessary part of the equipment for travellers who did not have the luxury of heated vehicles and often had to ride outside in all weathers.

12. FIRST IMPRESSIONS OFTEN GO A LONG WAY. A common saying that is neatly used by Horace and James Smith in the "Rejected Addresses," in an imitation of Johnson's ponderous style: "last impressions vying in durability with first."

13. AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY ANY GOOD. This originated apparently with Thomas Tusser (1523-1580): "It is an ill wind that turn none to good," and was adapted by Shakespeare to its modern form:

> "Not the ill wind which blows no man good."
>
> "King Henry VI," Part III, Act V, Sc. 3.
>
> "Ill blows the wind that profits nobody."
>
> "King Henry VI," Part III, Act II, Sc. 5.

14. SPIRE CAST A LONG REFLECTION. See Chapter II, Note 1.

15. PLAYING THE ORGAN AT THOSE TIMES. One might wonder how Tom got a bellows-blower at any odd time and on any day. But apparently the question had been put to Dickens, for in Chapter XXXI he solves the mystery. The wind was supplied from an appliance worked by the feet. It must indeed have been a "simple little organ" and supplies evidence that Amesbury is *not* the little Wiltshire village, for such a little instrument would be unworthy of the parish church at Amesbury, a village with a population of nearly 2,000 a century ago.

16. LIGHTED CANDLE. Lamps are hardly mentioned right through the book; all the domestic illumination was by candle, even at Todgers's. (See also Chapter II, Note 5.)

17. BLUE CHAMBER. Pecksniff's ostentatious delicacy is exhibited with great nicety. His daughters' room is as sacrosanct as the forbidden blue chamber in the fairy tale. Yet he throws the door open. Pecksniff's house was double-fronted and of some size as it contained at least ten rooms that are named: dining room (parlour) where Pecksniff and his daughters are caught at work; little room of state; Pecksniff's study, and there must have been a kitchen, all on the ground floor; Pecksniff's chamber and the blue chamber, on the first floor; the two-pair front, probably occupying the whole front of the house, and the bedroom adjoining, on the second floor; servants' quarters above on the third floor.

CHAPTER VI

1. AURORA. The Roman Goddess of the Dawn, traditionally endowed with rosy fingers. Poets have always been inspired by her beauty:

"Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn
Sprinkled with roseate light the dewy lawn."
Pope: "Homer's Odyssey."

"His bosom of the hue
With which Aurora decks the skies."
Cowper: "Death of Mrs. Throckmorton's Bullfinch."

"Her cheeks diffused with an auroral blush."
Longfellow: "The Student's Tale."

2. EVERY ELEPHANT WAS BORN WITH A CASTLE. Dickens had a curious predilection for the sign of the Elephant and Castle, and this is only one of many instances in his writings. It was to him the symbol of unity or completeness and may have been associated in his mind with the highly ornate illustrations in the Eastern Tales of which he was so fond in early childhood. The derivation of the sign "Elephant and Castle" from "Infanta di Castile" is probably as fanciful and apocryphal as the notion that "Bag of Nails" is a corruption of "Bacchanalians" or that "Goat and Compasses" is "God encompasseth us."

3. ONE-EYED CALENDER. A calender in the Moslem world is a dervish. The word is from Hindustani *galandar*, and has of course no connection with the word almanack, used by Pecksniff.

4. GRAMMAR SCHOOL. Although Martin was only twenty-one years of age, he must have had a good deal of architectural training before he went to Pecksniff's, although there is no mention of it. A grammar school with all its complex arrangements would be far beyond the capabilities of a pupil just beginning. In Chapter XXXV the grammar school turns up again.

5. POSTAGE FROM SUCH A DISTANCE. Before 1839 the charge for letter postage was by distance:

Up to 3 miles	from	G.P.O.		2*d.*
„ 12	„	„	„	3*d.*
„ 15	„	„	„	4*d.*
„ 20	„	„	„	5*d.*
„ 30	„	„	„	6*d.*
„ 50	„	„	„	7*d.*
„ 80	„	„	„	8*d.*
„ 120	„	„	„	9*d.*

Salisbury being over 80 miles from London, Tom's letter to his sister would cost him 9*d.*, which would be a "serious consideration when one's not rich."

6. SILVER SPOON IN MY MOUTH. This saying was probably originally invented by someone who had had a hard struggle to attain to wealth by his

own efforts. It is included in Kelly's Collection of Scotch Proverbs (1721) and was already in common use when it appeared in the report of a debate in the United States Congress on January 9th, 1801 : " It was a common proverb that few lawyers were born with silver spoons in their mouths."

7. DIOGENES COMING TO LIFE. Diogenes (412-323 B.C.) was the Cynic who " laughed at men of letters for reading the sufferings of Ulysses and neglected their own ; at musicians who spent in stringing their lyres the time which would have been much better employed in making their own discordant natures harmonious ; at philosophers for gazing at the heavenly bodies while sublimely incognisant of earthly ones ; at orators who studied how to enforce truth but not how to practise it." It is not surprising that he could afford a good-tempered smile at Tom's simple enjoyments.

CHAPTER VII

1. I DO NOT GRIND, MYSELF. Montague Tigg's experience of organs was apparently confined to the street variety of that instrument, the motive power of which is the turning of a handle that gave rise to the term organ-grinder.

2. FOX'S BOOK OF MARTYRS. The correct title of this once popular work by John Foxe (1516-1587) is : " History of the Acts and Monuments of the Church." It was published, in folio, in 1563, embellished with hair-raising pictures of tortures, burnings and executions.

3. COURT OF REQUESTS. The Courts sometimes called the Courts of Conscience were instituted in 1493 for the recovery of small debts, and Henry VII found them very useful. They were superseded in 1847 by the County Courts.

4. STAR CHAMBER. Said to have got its name either because its roof was ornamented with gilt stars or from the fact that it housed the Jewish Covenants (starre). It had jurisdiction in cases of forgery, perjury and other offences of public importance. Under Charles I its powers became arbitrary, its punishments cruel and its fines excessive. It was abolished in 1641.

5. SCORE CHALKED. At one time it was quite common for regular customers at inns to pay their reckoning at intervals, say once a week, the landlord's system of keeping account being to keep the score in chalk marks inside a cupboard door. It will be recalled that in *Edwin Drood* Datchery kept a record of his discoveries by a similar method.

6. PETER THE WILD BOY. An untamed youth (found in some woods in Hanover) brought to England by George I in 1726. He never learned to talk and died in 1785, aged about seventy. In *Edwin Drood* Durdles compares Deputy with him.

7. NATURE'S NOBS. Nob is a contraction of Nobleman or person of superior rank and dignity.

8. AMERICAN ALOE. The popular name of *Agave americana*, the flower-stalk of which may reach a height of 24 feet or more. In its native land, Mexico, it blooms in its fifth or sixth year, but in English hothouses it may be eighty years old or more before it blooms " whence arises the gardener's fable of their flowering only once in a hundred years."

CHAPTER VIII

1. FEET DEEP IN STRAW. All coaches and public vehicles had a thick layer of straw on the floor for warmth ; in wet weather the straw became uncomfortably damp and smelly, but it continued to be used up to about fifty years ago when doors to omnibuses were abolished. In Dulborough Town (*Uncommercial Traveller*) Dickens recalls the " smell of the damp straw in which I was packed and forwarded, like game, carriage-paid."

2. GET UP BEHIND. Boys used to steal free rides on the back axle out of sight of the driver. The introduction of the internal combustion engine put a stop to this dangerous trick.

3. TODGERS'S. The site of Todgers's has never been satisfactorily identified, and perhaps Dickens did not mean it to be, and on the whole it seems better to accept Todgers's without question. The house was visible from the foot of the Monument (Chapter XXXVII) as Charity pointed it out with her parasol. An interesting guess is made by Gwen Major in *The Dickensian* 1932, Page 309.

4. BLACK FRIAR IN DON JUAN. See Lord Byron's poem " Don Juan " :

"Beware ! beware ! of the Black Friar,
Who sitteth by Norman Stone,
For he mutters his prayer in the midnight air,
And his mass of the days that are gone.
When the Lord of the Hill, Amundeville,
Made Norman Church his prey,
And expelled the friars, one friar still
Would not be driven away."

Canto XVI.

5. CORONET OF THREE BRASS BALLS. This ornamentation of "grandfather" clocks was not uncommon and generally gives a clue to the date of the clock—early eighteenth century.

CHAPTER IX

1. SEVERAL FRUIT BROKERS. Fruit-brokers' premises are still to be found in the neighbourhood of the Monument and Great Tower Street.

2. KNOTS OF THOSE WHO RESTED. The knots are porters' knots, thick pads made of twisted rope, worn on the shoulders to take the weight of heavy parcels.

3. ANCIENT DOORWAY OF CARVED OAK. Several of these handsome doorways with carved arcitraves and canopies or hoods are still preserved in the city. Some of the best are illustrated in W. H. Godfrey's "History of Architecture in London" (1911).

4. OPPOSED TO STEAM. The whole of this paragraph is one of Dickens's characteristic diatribes against the old irreconcilables who are suspicious of and antagonistic to, any kind of progress or reform.

5. HAIR ERECT UPON HIS GOLDEN HEAD. The Monument is surmounted by a huge gilt urn from which rise gilt flames which might very easily be imagined to be not-too-tidy hair.

6. POSSESSED HER YOUNG FRIENDS. See Chapter V, Note 1.

7. QUITE A QUIZ. The etymology of the word quiz is very doubtful. Brewer is responsible for the statement that the manager of a Dublin theatre laid a wager that he could introduce into the language within twenty-four hours an entirely new and meaningless word. The next morning there was chalked on every wall and other accessible place the letters QUIZ. All Dublin wanted to know what it meant and the manager won his wager. The word became current and is used for a puzzle or an odd question, or an inoffensive but mocking manner of looking at one. [Quære: Is quiz a shortened form of inquisitive ?]

8. ROUND ROBIN. (Fr. *rond*, round and *ruban*, ribbon.) A petition or protest signed in such a way that no name heads the list of signatories as they are arranged in a ring or circle. It was first adopted by French officers to draw attention to their grievances. The best known literary round-robin is that presented in 1776 to Dr. Johnson by his friends asking him to rewrite in English his Latin epitaph on Goldsmith. [He refused.]

9. ONE-HORSE FLY. A light four-wheeled single-horsed carriage that plied for hire.

10. WHALEBONE AND EDUCATION. Every young girl who aspired to gentility underwent, as part of her education, a training in deportment that was assisted by a kind of strait-waistcoat stiffened with whalebone to give the figure rigidity as well as pliability, and a backboard for uprightness and easy bearing. Oliver Wendell Holmes recalls those early Academies for Ladies in his poem "My Aunt" (1830):

"... sent her to a stylish school;
'Twas in her thirteenth June;
And with her, as the rules required,
Two towels and a spoon.
They braced my aunt against a board
To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small;
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
They screwed it up with pins—
O, never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins."

11. CLINKING OF PATTENS. The rings of the pattens would of course clink as they struck the stone-paved yards.

12. WORKING AT THE PUMP. Many houses in London had in the back-yard and sometimes even in the kitchen or scullery a private pump. These pumps have now been replaced by stand-pipes or taps.

13. THOMAS CRIBB. A well-known prize-fighter (1781-1848). The special method of guarding his head attributed to him is probably apocryphal.

14. BARNWELL. The evolution of this name from Benjamin is most ingenious, and is an interesting example of the growth of a nickname the origin of which may seem utterly obscure. The name Barnwell is taken from "The History of George Barnwell, or the London Merchant," a tragedy, based on an old ballad, by George Lillo (1730). George was an apprentice, persuaded by a courtesan to rob his employer and afterwards to murder his uncle, for which crime he and his paramour were both executed. In 1796, Mrs. Siddons took the part of the courtesan, and Charles Kemble, her brother, that of Barnwell.

15. YOUNG BROWNRIGG. Mother Brownrigg "who whipped three female 'prentices to death and hid them in the coal-hole" was executed at Tyburn (1767).

16. MISS BAILEY IMMORTALISED IN A BALLAD. This ballad was sung by Charles Mathews in the farce "Love Laughs at Locksmiths," by George Coleman the Younger (1802). The first verse runs:

> "A captain bold in Halifax that dwelt in country quarters
> Seduc'd a maid who hanged herself one morning in her garters
> His wicked conscience smited him, he lost his stomach daily;
> He took to drinking ratifa, and thought upon Miss Bailey.
> Oh, Miss Bailey, unfortunate Miss Bailey!"

17. TWO O'CLOCK . . . ON ACCOUNT OF THE BAKER'S. This recalls the old custom of bakers on Sundays (when no bread is made) baking the dinners of their customers. On the occasion here referred to the Todgers dinner was fixed for the fashionable hour of five o'clock so it had to be cooked at home.

18. BIFFINS. Norfolk apples slowly baked under pressure. The rusty red colour thus produced gave them their name of biffin (from beef).

19. DIANA, WHAT A PICTURE. Mrs. Todgers grouped with Charity and Mercy may perhaps have borne some distant resemblance to the Three Graces, but why the witness of Diana is evoked seems obscure as Diana was the goddess of hunting.

20. ELEVATED. Affected by alcoholic liquor. In Roget's Thesaurus (1890) there is a list of fifty-four terms (slang or legitimate) for intoxication, and in Household Words Vol. VIII (Page 75) a list of thirty-two. Since then many other adjectives have been invented. Such is the fertility of the English imagination and the wealth of the English language.

21. CHOLIC. An obsolete occasional spelling of colic. It has however an entirely different meaning as colic refers to any complaint in the colon and cholic refers to the bile.

22. 'TIS THE VOICE OF THE SLUGGARD. The first line of No. 1 of Moral Songs by Dr. Isaac Watts (1674-1748).

(To be continued)

DICKENS THROUGH FINNISH SPECTACLES

BY KENTLEIGH BROMHILL

THE author of this valuable contribution* to the library of the Dickens lover and the Dickens student is a Finnish lady, Dr. Irma Rantavaara, who spent the years 1940-41 in England as a British Council Student. The result of her studies is this essay, written as the thesis for her doctorate (Ph.D.) at Helsinki University. The title of the book is revealing: *Dickens in the Light of English Criticism.* It does not pretend to be a life of the novelist, although most of all that is known is included, but it does pretend, with some justification, to

* "Dickens in the Light of English Criticism," by Irma Rantavaara. Helsinki, 1944 8vo.

gather into one cover the opinions of critics, from 1836 when Dickens first began to write, down to the present day. Some opinions are adulatory, some discriminating, some adverse, and some vitriolic in their enmity. They are culled from all sources: essays, biographies, monthly and quarterly reviews, and even daily journals.

So far as we are aware, this is the first time that such an inclusive collection has been made, and we hope it may be possible in the near future to make it readily available to readers in this country. There are a few—a very few—misprints, but these are of no real importance in a book that is otherwise well printed and attractively presented.

The text, in colourful virile English, surprising in one of another nationality, is not constantly interrupted by what Dickens himself called "hiccupping references," but flows easily, and is fully documented, the sources of every quotation being relegated to a very inclusive classified bibliography at the end of the book.

The chapter-headings shew the consistency of the plan—strictly adhered to throughout—on which the treatise is devised: Background, Early Reception, Dickens as a Personality, Dickens after Pickwick, Reputation after his Death, As an Artist, Dickens the Inimitable, are a few of them.

The first chapter, "Background," is an adequate review of the England into which Dickens was launched, and Dr. Rantavaara evinces an intimate knowledge of our country and its life and literature throughout the nineteenth century. Though the bulk of the essay consists of other people's opinions, the author has not withheld her own view of Dickens and does not hesitate to express, from her close study of his works and his life, her own convictions about Dickens. She appears to agree with some critics that, regarded as novels, *Barnaby Rudge* and *A Tale of Two Cities* are failures as representative of Dickens's best work, and thinks that the issue of his books by monthly instalments caused Dickens sometimes to resort to "padding." "In *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby* there are undoubtedly passages that lead to nothing, but are put there merely to fill the necessary space" (p. 95). Nevertheless, as his work went on and until now "the interest in him is by no means flagging. On the contrary. His place as an artist is established" (p. 150).

"Criticism has treated Dickens with severity. Much of his work has been thrown mercilessly on the scrap-heap. Hard words have been uttered about him. And yet,—in these days of destruction and changing values the 'native decency of the common man' finds solace in Dickens's message of benevolence, laughter, and love, that never grows old-fashioned" (p. 152). "His radicalism [has become] sentimentality in the eyes of criticism, but with sentimentality of the kind which has its roots in neighbourly love, and in humanitarian feeling which does not grow old-fashioned even if the problems which brought it forth do so" (p. 180).

"There is one point on which all periods, whether pro- or anti-Dickens, have agreed, and that is his humour."

The author concludes her illuminating essay with these words: "Dickens's gift of humour is of Shakespearean standard, it is true, but he lacks the mental depth and width of the latter, his emotional and intellectual agility and genius, and his deep originality. However, his limitations duly considered, Dickens is a genius, a wonderful humorist, a fanciful and original improviser whose traces in English literature are manifold and undeletable. He has with justification been included among the giants of literary creators not only at home, but all over the world."

A book to buy, a book to study, a book "to have and to hold" close at hand for reference.

THE BIRTHDAY LUNCHEON

THE 134th Anniversary of the Birth of Charles Dickens was celebrated in London by a Luncheon at the Waldorf Hotel on February 9th. It was attended by a far larger company than any which has been seen at a Birthday Celebration since before the war and a great many Branches were represented. The result was a gathering whose gaiety and jubilation were obvious and infectious. The President, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, presided and the toast of "The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens" was proposed by Mr. Sydney Carroll, the distinguished theatrical manager and critic, in the following speech:

"In complying with the invitation you have given me to propose the toast of 'The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens,' I am very sensible of the honour you have conferred upon me. But in doing so, I am not sure that I am acting in accord with the principles and ideals of the distinguished man whose toast I am asked to propose, for, unless I am mistaken, Charles Dickens was averse to every form of what is called patronage of literature. He was acutely opposed to all posthumous honours, refused to inaugurate Leigh Hunt's bust at his grave, and refused to recognise by a contribution, a memorial in Westminster Abbey to commemorate the services of a celebrated man of his time, Rajah Brooke. In this connection, it may be of interest to recall a passage in his will: 'I emphatically direct that I be buried in an unostentatious, inexpensive and strictly private manner, that no public announcement be made of the time or place of my burial. I require my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial or testimonial whatever. I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country upon my published works and to the remembrance of my friends.'

"It might well be argued, therefore, that the Dickens Fellowship has been instituted in direct contravention of this sacred testament. But I prefer to think of it and of this particular ceremony as an act of simple remembrance, an act of friendship and an appreciation of the works rather than of the man. I make this distinction with the greatest sincerity because of the view, the very strong view I hold, and which I have recently ventilated not only in print but on the overseas service of the B.B.C., that the works of genius (and no one can deny the genius of Charles Dickens) must be considered as quite distinct from the personality of the man and that any private and personal details of his life must never be allowed to sully or deflect from our appreciation of his creations; in fact should be ignored. It was in this spirit that Charles Dickens destroyed most of his personal and private correspondence, especially from his distinguished contemporaries.

"In considering the works of Dickens we are contemplating a period of English history when the contrast between riches and poverty was so marked that it needed a master-mind like that of Dickens to help restore the balance. He precipitated a movement of humanitarianism that ever since he started it has grown in volume and impetus until it has now almost over-reached itself and induced a system of social control over everyone of us from the cradle to the grave.

"I have many personal reasons for loving this man and the characters he created. As a boy my mother was never tired of repeating the motto of Betsey Trotwood: 'Never be mean in anything, never be false, never be cruel,' and what is more she exemplified in her own life that injunction. Charles Dickens grew up from humble origins, and was in his early years surrounded by pecuniary troubles. So was I. So have so many of you. We probably still are. He was always interested in the theatre and fancied himself as an actor. I have

shared that interest and that vanity. He became a working journalist and eventually an Editor of a great national newspaper. I have duplicated that experience though I cannot claim ever to have been a Parliamentary reporter. He suffered from an illness and underwent an operation for a complaint which attacked me and compelled me also to resort to the surgeon, for precisely the same reasons as it assailed him—too close an application to business. He had in his later years unfortunate domestic experiences which over-curious biographers are now seeking to drag completely into the daylight, as is the regrettable fashion in modern biographies, and I can only hope I shall never reach such a degree of fame as will induce these muck-rakers to ransack my own dustbins and private drawers for similar revelations.

" This fellow feeling I have for Charles Dickens, this intense regard and affection I have for his novels and his writings, is shared and surpassed by so many of you to the state almost of idolatry that I have not the slightest doubt you will each and everyone honour this toast with enthusiasm. You will do so fully alive to the benefits Dickens's books have conferred not only on the English race, but humanity at large ; for the hatred they show for greed and cunning, the pity they have for the stricken and the poor, the rich joy they display in character and humour, their courage and their strength.

" There are many singular parallels between the happenings of Dickens's day and those of our time. Dickens lived in the days of the Crimean War. England faced a war with Russia and saw her forces there wasted with cold and disease. He saw it with a sense of dreadful and deplorable calamity ; as we to a far greater degree had to meet the menace of Hitler. He had occasion to ridicule the bureaucracy of his time and did so with incomparable humour in his Circumlocution Office. Would that we had a Dickens to expose our demagogues of to-day. Many a time in the last six years we have had occasion to remember Captain Cuttle's immortal reflection : ' It ain't easy, thank the Lord, to break up hearts of oak, whether they're in brigs or in buzzums,' and remember it was Dickens who wrote : ' There are people who have no good in them, none. People whom it is necessary to detest without compromise. There are people who must be dealt with as enemies of the human race, people who have no human heart, who must be crushed like savage beasts and cleared out of the way.' And let me remind you of that topical remark made by the immortal cockney Sam Weller : ' I spells it with a " wee ".' That is how Britain has spelt war. Even in the matter of food Dickens conjures up topical recollections. Listen to Mr. Pecksniff : ' Eggs—even they have their moral. See how they come and go. Every pleasure is transitory.' To-day, eggs may be eggs in Denmark, the United States or our Dominions. Here they are only so much yellow powder of explosive force.

" But is it not equally timely to dispel any prejudice any American may feel against our immortal one by serving up in 1946 Dickens's declaration in 1868. ' The English heart is stirred by the flutter of the Stars and Stripes as it is stirred by no other flag that flies save its own. Broadcast in England is sown the sentiment that the two peoples are essentially one.' How truly prophetic, too, is his forecast : ' I see the evil of this time and of the previous time of which this is the natural birth, gradually making expiation for itself and wearing out.' Thus does history repeat itself and the sage remarks of one period apply to another. It was Charles Dickens who said that in the ranks of the Army under all disadvantages, as fine a sense of duty as is to be found in any station on earth. Dickens, too, reminded the British people that the world is not so far upon its course yet but that there are tyrants and oppressors left upon it backed by great armies.

"And here is one last dictum culled from the *Chimes*: 'I know that we must trust and hope and neither doubt ourselves nor doubt the good in one another.'

"As I look round this festive and typically Dickensian company to-day I have a feeling that somewhere among you there is hidden the light of a new Dickens, a great apostle of liberty—a champion of the people's freedom, one capable of tilting effectively at all to-day's false worship of the State as the sole employer, the sole arbiter of our destinies, the sole source of initiative and resource. How badly we need a great writer capable of destroying the political humbugs, the Chadbands and Podsnaps, the promisers who never fulfil their promises, the rabble rousers and the ruffians of society. I make an appeal to him or to her to convert the worship, the intense love he feels for Dickens and all he stands for, into a practical form; to do as Dickens did and throw his or her whole weight into the struggle against human folly and wickedness and towards the brightening of our lives. We need the voice of Dickens to-day. We have, as a nation, never needed it more.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you the toast, 'The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens'."

The toast of "The Visitors" was proposed by the Hon. Secretary and replied to by Mrs. May Lamberton Becker, President of the New York Branch, who was given a great welcome as our first trans-Atlantic visitor since before the war and more particularly as the generous donor of the royalties on the English edition of her *Introducing Charles Dickens* to a fund for the benefit of war-stricken British children. Her speech was as follows:

"I should, of course, be overcome with nervousness. I should be very much abashed at appearing before such an audience, but instead, I feel completely at ease because, well, this is the Dickens Fellowship. One reason is that for four successive years the Dickens Fellowship of New York Society has honoured me by making me President of it. I should mention that seeing I am probably the worst President ever (I really think that I make every mistake) the Dickens Fellowship of New York take it in the most charming manner and say, 'Poor Mrs. Lamberton Becker, she really doesn't know any better!' And another reason is that this is not the first time, but the second time, I have been in this room in the flesh, but always I have been in this room in spirit. On the other occasion I was here, *Books across the Sea* was organised by my daughter, and on that occasion when the first books came over (the ambassador books which were sent over by America to be exchanged for ambassador books about England), they were placed on a table just where I am standing and on one side was a bust of Charles Dickens. A little knocked about from the blitz through being on the outside of a shelter, but, he was beaming on the occasion, because he was one of the authors about whom there is no question whether we have an audience on one side or the other. It was a completely unanimous choice.

"I may say that at each meeting we attend, we sing *The Stars and Stripes*, but we never expect anyone outside the United States to sing it under any circumstances. (It took me a long time to acquire the art of reaching that top 'C'). But we also sing *God Save the King*. Believe it or not, I have myself shouted on occasions, 'Long to reign over us.'

"I realise that it is just about now that my friends in the United States are going about and getting the messages put round, and getting ready for all that. I know that one of the messages they are going to read is not only from the Headquarters in London, but from their President who is on holiday here—my first holiday from my desk

in six years, and I am spending it right here ! That message will read:

> 'From battered glorious London where the spirit of Charles Dickens which is England's spirit is gloriously rebuilding the World, May Lamberton Becker and Beatrice Warde send Birthday Greetings to the Fellowship.'

" One might say, how can you say that the spirit of Dickens himself is that of England, when you consider how different he was from anything that is generally considered to be typically English. Dickens could laugh loudly, on occasions wildly, and he was not in the faintest degree ashamed or apologetic about crying in public on occasions. He was indomitable to a degree where a typical Englishman is not. He was taken to the heart of the typical Englishman for precisely those reasons. Precisely because he was genuine in his books. I think that Dickens in expressing himself in his work gave the typical Englishman a chance to enjoy the qualities which he was more or less prohibited from expressing on his own account.

" I like to take one of his books to read in bed in order to go into the unconscious from a very pleasant frame of mind, exactly in the way you would open a door or let in a friend. I don't take out a book, I open a door and out comes Sairey Gamp or Betsey Trotwood, or anyone that I want, but they come out alive and real. I sometimes wonder whether there is anyone, except my nearest and dearest, as real to me as these people.

" We had a musical recital in our own Society only a very short time before I came over here, when a very fine pianist who has played for us before, told us that she would like to give us a series of fourteen brief impersonations, each one of them representing a Dickens character, and that they were all well known names and everyone would be able to recognise them. She played each piece for a few minutes and then stopped to see who had recognised them. It seems incredible, doesn't it ?

" The first one was a two-part canon of a very cheery nature. It must be two people and as it was a canon then it must be twin characters—the Cheeryble Brothers—and sure enough it was. From that point on she said the only thing she would tell us was the name of the book. A charming strain started and within 30 bars every hand in the room was up. We had been told only that it was *The Old Curiosity Shop*, but we knew it was Little Nell. For all the fourteen there was not a single character portrayed that was not recognised within a very short time, some of them, almost every one, at once. When you can illustrate a character so clearly, so unmistakably that it can make its way to a not very musical audience, you are dealing with a great creative genius.

" I do not know whether you can realise how London at this greatly historical moment appears to the visiting American. I don't know whether you realise that what we really notice is not that what has come down is evident, but that a glorious City is going up. As I came up Fetter Lane I thought of the complete solid mass of buildings that used to be there. I came in from Chancery Lane and saw nothing, all was clear to the heavens except for two lilac trees. People hurry on their way along these streets, they are never clear, each one with a breast-high wall, each one with the name of the street, each looked so tidy, so arranged, it looked to an American just like a Real Estate development. It looked like a rising City, not a fallen one. The English people are living for to-morrow and planning to restore their blitzed cities. I am convinced that if you bring up young people with that Dickens spirit, if you bring them up on Dickens, you need not be afraid of anything.

"From the time I had *Nicholas Nickleby* in my hands at the age of 8 years, it seemed to me that children are going to have a fair chance. In the first place they will not be afraid of poverty, unless you make them so. Look at their books; what are the books that have been the most popular: *Little Women*, *The Cratchit Family*. They are not afraid of poverty; they will not be afraid of death if they are brought up on Dickens, they will think of death as something that leads to heaven, and so, as I have said, if you are bringing up someone like that, whatever comes they will meet it, and I believe that is one of the reasons among many why this Society we represent has contributed what has taken place in the magnificent spirit that has amazed the world. One of the reasons is that spirit of Charles Dickens that encouraged and drove on the spirit of England itself, that accumulated energy that faces life and makes it great."

The toast of "The Chairman" was proposed by Mr. Ralph Straus, who paid eloquent tribute to the distinguished contribution of Mr. Mackenzie to English fiction, and the President's acknowledgements brought the afternoon to a close.

MICAWBER MANSIONS

By HAROLD ARMITAGE

IN the London schemes for the housing of the people, how attractive it would be, in the City Road region, that has suffered so much from the Nazi bombs, to establish upon one of the sites the Micawber Mansions, to perpetuate, in that part of the Capital, the memory of its famous inhabitant, who dwelt there in Windsor Terrace.

The Micawber Mansions might enclose a hollow square; and in the middle of the square there might be a statue of Micawber; or we might be shown Micawber guiding David Copperfield. Other features might be included, such as a Dickens Library; but a Dickens Museum need not be considered, because already there is that excellent one at The Dickens House in Doughty Street.

Many have regarded Micawber as a mere figure of fun; but he was more than that. We may laugh at him; but discerning people have admired, and will continue to admire him for his unfailing amiability; and in their comments on Charles Dickens, writers have not failed to recognise the claims of Micawber to a foremost place amongst the men portrayed in the novels. Robert Langton wrote that Micawber's "genial and lovable disposition is likely to be remembered for all time"; and Swinburne has written of "the noontide glory of Micawber." "Micawber is gigantic," writes Chesterton; and he adds

that Micawber "is amongst great and gorgeous personalities"; Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch urging that "Micawber ranks with the very best of his best in Dickens's portrait gallery." George Gissing is not blind to Micawber's shortcomings; but he writes that "To speak severely of Mr. Micawber is beyond the power of the most conscientious critic"; and he urges that "the most rigid economist would be glad to grasp him by the hand and to pay for the bowl of punch over which this type of impecuniosity would dilate upon his embarrassments and his hopes." Gissing affirms that "No selfish intention can be attributed to him." "No man ever lived who was so consistently delightful"; and Gissing goes on to praise Micawber's warmth of heart, a man full of kindliness. Whatever may happen to the fame of Dickens in future, "it is difficult to believe that the beaming visage of Wilkins Micawber will not continue to be recognised wherever men care for literary art."

The kindness of Micawber is made manifest in the eleventh chapter of *David Copperfield*, when the boy having been banished from home, to wash, label, cork, seal and pack bottles in the establishment of Murdstone and Grinby, it had been arranged, further, that he should lodge in a top back-room with the Micawbers, in Windsor Terrace, City Road, a road in which many thousands copies of *David Copperfield* have been printed.

A churlish man, or even a thoughtless man, would have left little David to find his way alone along unfamiliar streets, to his new lodgings; but at eight o'clock at night, when David's long working day ended, Micawber went to the warehouse to conduct his young lodger through the London streets; so that together they went, "Mr. Micawber impressing the names of streets, and the shapes of corner houses upon me, as we went along, that I might find my way back easily, in the morning."

If David Copperfield had been the son of a wealthy patrician, or of a plutocrat, a boy with "great expectations," sour people might have suspected that Micawber did not serve David Copperfield for naught; but David Copperfield was amongst the poorest of the poor, a friendless, abandoned boy, living on six shillings a week, and with no influence in the wide world that might be employed in helping Wilkins Micawber. Thus Micawber's assistance was a display of pure, uncalculating kindness.

In the eleventh chapter of *David Copperfield* we are told that Mr. Micawber was a thoroughly good-natured man, and as active a creature about everything but his own affairs as ever existed; never so happy as when he was busy about something that could never be of any profit to himself; and in the fifty-fourth chapter, Tommy Traddles affirms that though Mr. Micawber appears not to have worked to any good account for himself, he was a most untiring man when he worked for other people. Traddles adds his testimony to the long-continued patience and perseverance that Mr. Micawber had revealed in protecting the interests of Mr. Wickfield.

In presenting Micawber, Dickens found some of the manifestations of his character in the foibles of his own father and though he has been censured for this by some critics, and though there have been readers of *David Copperfield* who have been led by the likeness to disparage the elder Dickens, Swinburne was very angry with people who harboured this notion, urging that in Micawber, John Dickens was immortalised, not lowered and caricatured; and he regarded Micawber as one of the most delightful characters in all fiction. Theodore Watts-Dutton has written, "I had the gratification of making Swinburne a Christmas present of a fine pen-and-ink portrait of Dickens's father, sketched by an admiring friend of John Dickens. It is a much finer face than the novelist's own. At once Swinburne found a place for it on his study

wall, and spent many a happy moment in gazing fondly at it." In the Board Room of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, the publishers, there is a bust of John Dickens, "which shows fine features and a fair, broad brow."

John Dickens was a very trying man; and Dickens used to speak of him as the Prodigal Father; yet in spite of the father's exasperating, unthrifty ways, the son has left emphatic testimonies of an unvarying kindness. He wrote, "My poor father, whom I regard as a better man the longer I live." To Forster, Dickens said, "I know my father to be as kindhearted and generous a man as ever lived in the world. Everything that I can remember of his conduct to his wife, or children, or friends, in sickness or affliction, is beyond praise. By me, as a sick child, he has watched night and day, unweariedly and patiently, many nights and days. He never undertook any business, charge or trust, that he did not zealously, conscientiously, punctually, honourably discharge. His industry has always been untiring."

Surely, then, when the empty sites in the City Road region are being covered again with bricks and mortar, one of them might be devoted to the Micawber Mansions, to the keeping green of the memory of Micawber, reminding us also of Charles and of John Dickens, without whom there could have been no Wilkins Micawber.

London south of the Thames has many Dickens memorials. There are many *Little Dorrit* relics; and Dorrit Street, Quilp Street, Clennam Street; and in the neighbouring Mint Street stood Saint George's Workhouse, in which, it has been said, Oliver Twist asked for more. When the workhouse was changed into a warehouse, the boiler in which the gruel had been cooked was removed to the Cuming Museum, in Walworth Road. Here, too, in the Lant Street School, known now as the Charles Dickens School, it has been arranged that Christmas plays from the works of Dickens should be acted by the girls and boys; the bust of Dickens that stands in the place of honour, in the hall of the school, is from time to time crowned with a wreath of laurel. *If* such a memorial as I have suggested were erected in the City Road, London's love for a writer whom Andrew Lang has described so truthfully as "the darling of the English people" would be still more clearly revealed.

DICKENS MURALS AT A YORKSHIRE INN

SOME excellent mural paintings of Dickens characters have recently been executed by Mr. John Gilroy at the Morritt Arms, Greta Bridge, Yorkshire, illustrations of which we are able to reproduce by the courtesy of *The Northern Echo*. In one of them the artist is seen beside his work.

The figures are life-size and full of vigour, reminding one of the fine series painted by Alfred R. Thompson, at the Duncannon Hotel, Trafalgar Square, some years ago.

The Morritt Arms is now the only inn operating at Greta Bridge and the many Dickensians visiting the Dotheboys country will be pleased to find themselves in such congenial surroundings.

The claim put forward that this was The George and New Inn at which Dickens and *Phiz* put up at on the night of January 31st, 1838,

at the conclusion of their long and wintry coach ride from London and which was afterwards described as that at which Squeers, Nicholas and the new boys also alighted, cannot however be sustained. That hostelry was established beyond all doubt by the late T. P. Cooper in the second edition of his *With Dickens in Yorkshire* (1924) and in *The Dickensian*, 1924, p. 70, to have been the house which is now known as Thorpe Grange, about half a mile to the South of the bridge where stands the Morritt Arms. The latter was certainly functioning in coaching days and is a fine old inn. The history of the three coaching inns at Greta Bridge is extremely involved and misled every Dickensian topographer until Mr. Cooper clearly elucidated the matter.

L. C. S.

FROM RECENT BOOKS

By LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(Bodleian Library)

PUBLIC OPINION

" As for suicide, here even the orthodox outlook is very evidently changing for the better. It was, in the past, coloured by an unmistakable savagery, of which we still occasionally see traces in the police courts, as here :

' Sentencing 45-year-old Frank McCulloch, of Liverpool, to one month's hard labour for attempting suicide, Sir Frederick Marquis said : " If you are fool enough to pour poison down you throat you deserve to suffer ".' "

[*Footnote*] : " News Chronicle " report, May 8th, 1939. " The magistrate is now Lord Woolton. His pronouncement carries an echo of *The Chimes* : ' And if you attempt, desperately, and ungratefully, and impiously, and fraudulently attempt, to drown yourself, or hang yourself, I'll have no pity for you, for I have made up my mind to Put all suicide Down ! If there is one thing,' said the Alderman, with his self-satisfied smile, ' on which I can be said to have made up my mind more than on another, it is to Put suicide Down. So don't try it on.' "

It is perhaps unfair to cite instances [bringing the " deportment of heroes and heroines a little nearer to real life "] from so unique a realist as Jane Austen. No such faithful observation was to be brought into play again for many years, but lesser talents and talents of a different order were steadily augmenting and elaborating the novelist's material. Dickens carried the process several stages further with his heroes in humble ranks of life, his colloquial dialogue, and the extraordinary variety of his canvas. . . .

The habit of trying to represent things as they were, instead of as it was deemed polite to pretend they were, grew and grew upon the more serious kind of writers, despite the many lingering prohibitions of taste and custom. The career of Dickens holds up a clear glass to the expansive temper of the age. How flat and static are the figures of Harry Maylie and Nicholas Nickleby compared with Pip in *Great Expectations*, who is portrayed so " roundly " that he can excite the reader's pity, contempt, and affection at the same moment ! How much more plausible is the faulty heroine, Bella Wilfer, good natured and lively but common and petulant, than Mary Graham, the immaculate granddaughter of old Martin Chuzzlewit ! The characters in the later novels experience shades of feeling the earlier ones give no hint of. They have foolish, aimless passions, like the passions of people in real life. . . . Pip's Estella obsession, which Dickens never meant to justify by marriage, Eugene Wrayburn's half-mischievous, half-genuine desire to be loved by Lizzie Hexham. They are susceptible of change, not in the unlikely manner of Mr. Pickwick, who begins as an aimable buffoon and ends as an heroic crusader, but with the fidelity to nature of Mrs. Gummidge whose self-centred grumblings quietly subside in the face of real calamity—an accurate glimpse of psychology.

It was not merely that Dickens's great powers gathered scope with maturity —though that is also true—but that the novel itself had gathered scope. Literature was taking a less and less *simple* view of life. Soon there was a small legion of novelists who carried research into verities of one kind and another further than Dickens . . . Hardy, Butler and George Moore ; Henry James and Meredith ; Anstey, Gissing, Stevenson, H. G. Wells."—" The Vulgar Heart : the Sentimental Tendencies of Public Opinion," by D. L. Moore. (Cassell.)

* * * * *

SOCIAL SERVICES

" It is significant that perhaps some of the most disagreeable characters in Dickens are social workers. Remember how Mr. Jarndyce in *Bleak House* was afflicted by them. Voluntary work ought to be efficient and yet its efficiency is sometimes its undoing. We can see in the chapter on case-work those admirable Americans being so industriously scientific in their benevolence that commonsense humanity has been ousted. And let us in England remember our English Mrs. Pardiggle, the most efficient and the most loathsome of social workers in Dickens.

" The voluntary social services are no more likely to escape from tensions

of this kind than is democracy. They will continue to be bothered by the problems of reconciling variety and spontaneity with efficiency and co-ordination. They will continue to discover that there is no final demarcation between the spheres of voluntary and of statutory work. No one can tell beforehand how all the problems of the voluntary associations in the modern state will be solved in practice. What we have to do is to keep a firm hold on the principles which have inspired their development in the past, to think out as far as we can the general lines of development demanded by the new situation, and to remember with Dickens's Captain Bumsby 'the bearing of those observations lies in the application of them'."—"Voluntary Social Services," by A. F. C. Bourdillon. (Methuen.)

* * * * *

EDMUND YATES

"Another familiar figure in the Brighton of those days was . . . Edmund Yates, editor of the 'World,' a big man with a big moustache, a great figure in the theatre world of his day, and I recall the sensation caused by the sentence of imprisonment passed on him for a libel which appeared in his paper entirely without his authority. He really never recovered from the sentence, although he had been allowed to furnish his cell and send out for his food. Because he had actually been associated with Charles Dickens, who had defended him in his quarrel with the Garrick Club, which had expelled him for an article he had written on a fellow member, Thackeray, Yates was of enormous interest to me. . . . Edmund Yates's expulsion from the Garrick Club was, of course, an old story, but in later years I was told about it and the parts played by Dickens and Thackeray. While it was generally assumed that Dickens had wholeheartedly supported Yates, there were others who had their doubts about the sincerity of Boz, and one of those others was Sir Francis Burnand, for long the editor of 'Punch.' It was in fact, from Burnand I heard of this matter when I was seeing him a good deal about an old adaptation by him of a French play which Richard Mansfield contemplated reviving."—"Showman Looks On," by C. B. Cochran. (Dent.)

* * * * *

EPPING FOREST

"There is no place in the Walthamstow of to-day where we can indulge the fancy of believing ourselves in a forest village; but Chigwell still retains its rural atmosphere where John Willet's 'Maypole Inn' and Samuel Harsnett's church and grammar school blink at each other on a summer afternoon. If we turn towards London, the village atmosphere is soon lost. We must go towards Abridge, climb through a hedge, and lie against a hay-cock, if we would win to the spirit of nineteenth-century Chigwell. Writing to John Forster, Dickens said: 'Chigwell, my dear fellow, is the greatest place in the world. Name your day for going. Such a delicious old inn opposite the churchyard—such a lovely ride—such beautiful forest scenery—such an out-of-the-way rural place—such a sexton! I say again, name your day.'

"'His promise,' Forster assures us, 'was exceeded by our enjoyment; and his delight in the double recognition of himself and of Barnaby by the landlord of the nice old inn, far exceeded any pride he would have taken in what the world thinks the highest sort of honour.'

"What, then, was Chigwell like in those days? It still retains enough of its former character to make Sir Walter Besant's description of it in 'All in a Garden Fair' credible. . . .

"On the road between Abridge and Theydon we may still find the 'wild and ghostly' deserted churchyard, described by Besant. But we are wandering too far from the heart of the village, The King's Head, or 'The Maypole' of *Barnaby Rudge*.

"The novel opens with a description of the famous house on the border of Epping Forest, as the novelist imagines it to have been in the year 1775. . . .

"We recall . . . two features of the story, the inn and the tolling of the bell, because both had local foundations. But though they had local foundations, it is the novel that gives them their title to fame . . . the real 'Maypole' is in its pages and can be found nowhere else. He would be a bold man who would take over, as it were, the licence of 'The Maypole' from Charles Dickens, and try to dispense its bounty on his own behalf.

"We see Dickens at 'The King's Head' most realistically in a story told by Fred Roe in his fine book, 'Essex Survivals':

'Next day the landlord, a fine old-fashioned specimen of his class, allowed me every facility to make a finished study of the elaborate carved fireplace in the "Chester Room." I well recall a narrative which he regaled me with, and will repeat it, as nearly as possible, in his own words.

'A good many years ago, before I became licensee, I was told by my predecessor that one day two gentlemen came in and ordered a meal. They had a table in this room, by the window, close to where you are sitting. At the finish they called the landlord up, and asked him if he could let them have a bottle of good port to end up with. He said, "Yes, gentlemen, I can," and went down to the cellar and brought up a bottle of 18—. He served them with this and they tasted it. One of them said politely, "Will you take a glass of wine with us, landlord?"

"Thank you, sir, I will. Here's my best respects."

'They had a bit of a chat about the old house and my predecessor could see that it was not the first time the gentlemen had been there. Landlord drank his wine up, and was just going to leave the room when the gentleman who'd been talking to him said, "I suppose, landlord, you don't happen to know me?"

'"No, sir," he said, "I haven't that pleasure."

'"My name is Charles Dickens," says the gentleman.

'"And mine," says the other, rather pompously, "is John Forster."'

"That Dickens had 'The King's Head' in mind when he wrote *Barnaby Rudge* is established beyond all doubt, even if the name did come from 'The Maypole' at Chigwell Row—that is to say, from the old inn of that name, not the present one. But what about the fire at the great house, and the tolling of the bell? *Barnaby Rudge* was published in 1841. In December, 1836, a fire broke out at Loughton Hall, destroying fifty rooms. The butler was awakened by the library bell, which was set ringing by the fall of burning masonry. It is more than likely that Dickens heard about this fire and the eerie clamour of the bell on one of his visits to Chigwell. The story would be told frequently at 'The King's Head.' He may have heard it from the lips of a village character not unlike Solomon Daisy himself. Did he not say, 'Such a sexton!' in his invitation to John Forster, quoted earlier? The old parish clerk is so real that we take his human actuality for granted, and wonder what other stories he had to tell. How we should have liked to ask him about the old body-snatchers, for instance. We wonder what he thought of the spring invented by a Barking man for securing the bodies of the dead in their coffins. This body-snatching was a dangerous undertaking. To exhume the coffin entirely took time, so the body-snatchers dug a hole over the head, wrenched a portion of the lid off the coffin, and by means of ropes dragged the body through the broken lid. How we should have enjoyed discussing this topic with Solomon Daisy, while we sat with him on a tomb-stone one moonlight night.

"Chigwell will change; its green pastures will be built over. Even the old inn will change. But Solomon Daisy and John Willet will never change. They and their little world, mysteriously called into being one day when Charles Dickens sat musing by a window at 'The King's Head,' looking across the road towards the churchyard, remain untouched and undying, a part of our Forest inheritance for ever."—"Epping Forest, its Literary and Historical Associations," by W. Addison. (Dent.)

* * * * *

RUSSIA

"The works of Charles Dickens are eagerly read in Russia. Particularly popular there, the world suspects, is Chapter VIII of *The Posthumous Papers of The Pickwick Club*, in which a stout young character resident at Dingley Dell says, 'I wants to make your flesh creep'."—("New York Times Magazine," February 17th, 1946.)

* * * * *

DICKENS IN THE SOVIET UNION

"Maxim Gorky once wrote:

'Let us not forget that while Balzac's "Poor Relations," Gogol's "Dead Souls" and Dickens's *Pickwick Papers* are essentially novels of life and manners, they contain profound and unfading instruction such as eveu the finest university cannot give, and which the ordinary man could not acquire with such precision and accuracy in fifty long years of life and labour.'

" Perhaps this accounts for the popularity of our great social novelists in the Soviet Union to-day, though Dickens had his admirers in Russia before 1917.

" Describing London in 1907, Gorky said :

' The old houses are very fine, and make one think of Dickens and Thackeray, two Englishmen who are always remembered with respect and a good-natured smile.'

" But now it is not only a handful of intellectuals who read and enjoy Dickens in Russia, but almost everyone—especially the children.

" In the twenty years from 1897 to 1917, approximately three-quarters of a million copies of Dickens's works were issued, while in the twenty years from 1917 to 1937 the figure rose to nearly two millions. Now, scarcely a year passes without some new edition of this favourite writer. Last year Eugene Lann completed a large biographical study of Charles Dickens that was scheduled to appear with a new collected edition of his works prepared by the State Children's Literature Publishing House.

" About the same time there also appeared the third volume of ' A History of English Literature,' which deals with English Romanticism and the classical realism of the mid-nineteenth century, and contains a detailed study of Dickens. This year the promised edition of another 25,000 copies of *Dombey and Son* is eagerly awaited by the Soviet reading public.

" It is worth mentioning that whereas in the pre-Soviet period translations of Charles Dickens were supplied with copies of the original English illustrations, Soviet editions have been illustrated by Alexei Kravchenko, Dmitri Mitrokhin, and other well-known Russian engravers. This was revealed in an interesting review of illustrations by Russian artists to works by English writers that appeared last year in ' Literary Heritage,' a magazine devoted to Russian-English literary ties and relations.

" Recently the stage version of *Pickwick* was revived at the Moscow Art Theatre. Many thought it a little out of time and place in war-scarred Moscow, where theatre audiences consist largely of Red Army officers passing through the capital on the way to the front, munition workers and office employees. Samuel Pickwick, complacently prosperous and standing on his old-fashioned dignity, must have presented an incongruous sight to those who had come to see the play. Indeed, the critics noted that, despite the masterly production and brilliant acting, there was some constraint when the curtain rose on the first night. The actors did not at once establish contact with the audience.

" Gradually, however, Viktor Stanitsyn, his blue cutaway coat accentuating the curves of his ample paunch, won the audience over. ' Pickwick will never submit to injustice,' he said at last, quietly but firmly—and the audience burst into applause. They had something in common with the old fellow after all. Of course, such a quaint character could not have existed in our time, but he carried a deep and unshakable faith in mankind and a love of virtue that guided him in his daily contact with humanity. He championed justice in his own way—and for that the workers and soldiers in the audience felt kindly disposed towards him.

" He championed justice ! This is the new judgment passed on this early Victorian novelist by our present generation. In the past his books have been read for their humour, their satire, their characterisation, their plot ; now they are read for their social content.

" Early this year it was reported from the Burma front that British troops were ' reading and re-reading all available copies of Dickens's works and passing them from hand to hand until they were almost falling to pieces. The newspaper that carried this item rather characteristically described it as a ' Dickens craze.' It is more than that. It is a measure of the rising political and cultural consciousness of the common man.

" It has also been reported that Russian troops are fond of Dickens. Writing in the ' Soviet War News,' Evgeny Krieger, a war correspondent, recalls an interview with a Red Army officer on the banks of the Pruth during the Russian offensive last spring :

' As I was waiting for Major Harum Bogatyryov,' he says, ' I noticed a copy of Dickens's *Oliver Twist* lying on the bed. The bookmark indicated that it wasn't there merely for ornament.'

" Major Bogatyryov, a hero of the Soviet Union, specialises in night tank raids behind the enemy lines. His unit cuts boldly through the enemy

front, arranges its guns in hedgehog fashion throughout the column, and rampages through the enemy rear.

"The Major has had many narrow escapes. He has jumped out of burning tanks with his clothes on fire. He has been buried by German bombs. He has climbed out of pits filled with dead men and fought on foot with an armoured battle raging around him. He has been as near to death as it is possible for a man to be and yet remain alive. When he gets a free evening he spends it reading Dickens.

"Ten years ago it could have been said that the people of the Soviet Union were fonder of Dickens than his compatriots were. To-day one would hesitate to make such a statement; for it is a paradoxical truth that the enthusiasm of our Soviet friends has aroused a new interest among Englishmen. It is well known that a number of people have started reading Dickens as a result of their interest in Soviet affairs. They want to know what it is that wins the admiration of so gallant a people as our Russian allies." (*February*, 1945.)—"Mainly about Books," by E. Trory. (Crabtree Press, Brighton.)

THE DICKENS HOUSE ENDOWMENT FUND
(WALTER DEXTER MEMORIAL)

One Hundred Pounds.—Manchester Branch (first donation).
Twenty-three Pounds.—Rochester Branch (including the proceeds (£20) of a Whist Drive organised by Mrs. Machin.
Twenty-Two Pounds.—St. Pancras Branch. The proceeds of a concert organised by Mrs. Jane Bacon.
Five Guineas.—Liverpool Branch.
Three Pounds.—Mrs. Kahler, of Palos Verdes Branch.
Two Pounds, Ten Shillings.—Mrs. B. Robertson (5th and 6th contributions).
Two Guineas.—Birmingham Branch.
Two Pounds.—Mr. J. Holmes, of Edmonton Branch.
One Pound, Five Shillings.—Mr. H. Pratt Boorman, of Rochester Branch.
One Guinea.—Seattle Branch, The National Magazine Co., Ltd., and Messrs. B. J. Simmons and Co. (1941), Ltd.
One Pound.—Mrs. A. E. Baldwin.
Half Guinea.—Mr. Frank S. Johnson (Lecture, Coney Hall Literary Society), Miss Mary Wray.
Eight Shillings and Fourpence.—Mr. James McCurrah.
Six Shillings and Sixpence.—Mr. H. Edmonds.
Five Shillings and Sixpence.—Mrs. M. E. Ford, of Maryville Branch.
Two Shillings and Sixpence.—Mrs. C. Appleton, of Rochester Branch.

Total to date, £580 12s. 10d., excluding

Ten Dollars.—Mrs. Eva Webb, of Hawaii Branch.
Five Dollars.—East Bay Branch, Mr. Gregg M. Sinclair, of Hawaii Branch.

THE BOOK FOR STUDY

Season 1946-7

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

WANTED

The many readers who responded to the appeal for copies of *The Dickensian* for December, 1945, are most gratefully thanked, but more are needed and the Hon. Secretary would be glad to hear from still more readers who have copies of this number which they could spare.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HONORARY Secretaries are invited to submit reports in not more than 200 words, of the activities of their Branch, for publication on this page.

HEADQUARTERS

THE season just concluded, arranged by Mrs. Jane Bacon, was the last to be held at the war-time quarters, The Friends' House, Euston Road, and was, perhaps, the most successful of the series. It opened with a fine recital by Mr. Percy Merriman in October, who delighted his audience with extracts from the "Lesser Known Byways" in Dickens. Ranging from grave to gay, the selection admirably demonstrated Mr. Merriman's versatility. In March, Mr. C. H. Redman gave an admirable discourse, Dickensian to the core, on the life of a commercial traveller. The Christmas meeting took the form of a supposed broadcast by a group of Dickens characters. Success was complete, due in very large measure to Mr. J. H. Greaves, not only for the arrangement of the programme, but for his own moving contribution to it—a speech by Capt. Cuttle in praise of the Merchant Navy. The January meeting was addressed by Mrs. L. Capron, who gave an excellent paper on the history of education in Britain, with special reference to its treatment in the work of Dickens. The following month Mr. G. H. Stuart Bunning's subject was "The Precursors and Influence of Dickens," a comprehensive subject treated most entertainingly. In the same month was held the 134th Anniversary Birthday Luncheon, the most important since 1939, the speeches at which appear on another page. Owing to the indisposition of the March lecturer (Mr. T. S. Lascelles), Mr. J. H. McNulty opened a debate on whether the work of Dickens was better before or after the publication *David Copperfield*. The shortness of notice meant nothing to Mr. McNulty, who conducted both arguments with all his usual skill and humour. In April a new member in the person of the Rev. George A. Parkinson achieved the triumph of the season. Entitled "The Magic Loom of Dickens," it was ostensibly a recital from Dickens's works, but in reality, was much more. True, Mr. Parkinson's skill in recital would be difficult to surpass; it must be but seldom that recitals have been accompanied by such revelations of the very spirit of Dickens. His audience was profoundly moved and accorded him a great ovation at the conclusion. The season ended with the Annual General Meeting in May, at which Mrs. Gwen Major gave an address on *Little Dorrit*, the book of the year.

L. C. S.

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND

OUR activities in 1945 commenced by celebrating the Birthday with a "Friendly Swarry" at which various members contributed to the programme of Readings and Sketches from the Master's Works, and two articles from *The Dickensian* of bygone years. The Monthly Meetings were devoted to the study of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, interspersed with evenings in lighter mood; we found numerous Droodian articles in *The Dickensian* which added to our interest in both the novel and the magazine. Other functions of the Branch during the past year have also included an illustrated Travel-Talk entitled "Dickens's England," an Evening of Sketches in Costume, a Garden Party and an Evening Party, which have all been well supported. The proceeds of these entertainments are to be devoted to the furnishing of our own quarters. This year we revert to our pre-war custom of fortnightly meetings, so after the Birthday Celebration an extra evening was devoted to the presentation of humorous articles in *The Dickensian*. The Branch mourns the passing of Mr. Thos. Clarkson, one of its founders and a Past President.

M. W.

BIRMINGHAM

DURING the Season 1945-46 we have had six Monthly Meetings, which have been well attended. On the first of these meetings we had a very inspiring address from our President, Judge Finnemore. The next was a most enjoyable Character Lecture, entitled "Off the Shelf," given by Mr. J. Greaves, of London. In December, Mr. Frank S. Johnson, of London, gave us a recital of *A Christmas Carol*. At the other meetings we were entertained by our own members, the January meeting being a Lantern Lecture on Charles Dickens, given by Mr. W. J. Price, and in March a varied programme of

readings, papers, recitations, and dramatic sketches. We celebrated Charles Dickens's Birthday with a Tea and Social. Arrangements are now complete for a summer outing, by motor coach, to a beauty spot in Shropshire.

E. H. F-D.

LIVERPOOL

THE session 1945-46 saw us back at our pre-war meeting place, although not in the same room. That, unfortunately, was destroyed by enemy action. We have continued our custom of the readings by members from the book of the year. The first meeting was entirely devoted to papers and discussions regarding it. At other meetings papers of a very high order have been given by members which have called for lively debate. The membership has increased considerably, and meetings well attended, under the Chairmanship of Miss M. Musgrave Kelly. It is with much regret however we have to report the sudden passing, due to an accident, at the end of last season of one of our best loved and valued Past-Presidents. Mrs. Sarah Wade was a true Dickensian, whose wisdom, knowledge and genuine friendliness will always be remembered.

E. M. H.

PORTSMOUTH

WITH the World War now well behind us and Portsmouth recovering slowly from the sad scars received in her long martyrdom of blitzes, the Birthplace Fellowship is taking on a new lease of life. During the war the Tiny Tim Cot at the Royal Portsmouth Hospital and the yearly contribution of £55 towards the upkeep of a nurse to tend the sick poor in their own homes went on uninterruptedly. Now a move is being made with real enthusiasm towards a general resumption of all the Fellowship's old activities, which included an annual elocutionary championship, a literary competition, a Tiny Tim's Tea Party for 500 or so crippled children, and happy evenings given up to dramatic sketches and readings from Dickens's works. There has been a useful infusion of new blood into the Fellowship Council, and old members are returning and new ones joining up at a rate which causes optimists to speak of a likely resumption of the halcyon days when the membership stood at over a thousand. Mr. Bertram Sutton has entered upon his eighteenth year as Chairman.

W. E. P.

SOUTHEND

THE Southend and District Branch opened its season with a festive evening in honour of Victory, on the 13th October, 1945. Membership has now reached 270 and during the Session we have had Dances, Whist Drives and Social Evenings and Dickens readings. The Knitting Circle meets each Wednesday afternoon at which there are also Dickens readings. The season has been a very successful one, and all the functions have been well attended as a result of which we have been able to carry out our cherished ideal of devoting sums to such charitable causes as the "Tiny Tim" and "Little Nell" Cots, the Memorial Wing Fund, and the Children's Penicillin Inhaler, Southend Hospital, St. Dunstan's Home for the Blind, and the Dickens House Endowment Fund.

B. C. E. O.

Congratulations and good wishes are tendered to the following recently appointed Secretaries :

Mr. C. T. Barnes, Adelaide; Miss E. N. Claque, Christchurch, N.Z.; Miss Margaret Cordock, Hull; Mrs. F. C. Christopherson, Madison, Wis.; Mrs. Stock, Portsmouth.

The thanks of members are due to their predecessors :

Mr. H. J. Allison, Miss G. K. Jarman, Mrs. Maud W. Cawson, Mrs. Max Fisher and Mr. Walter E. Pine, respectively.

We deeply regret to announce the death of :

Mr. James Bernard	*Manchester.*
Mr. Thomas Clarkson	*Auckland, N.Z.*
Mrs. E. W. Lewis	*Auckland, N.Z.*
Miss McNulty	*Headquarters.*
Mrs. Sarah Wade	*Liverpool.*

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

FOUNDED OCTOBER 6TH, 1902.

President, 1939-46:

COMPTON MACKENZIE, O.B.E., LL.D.

Vice-Presidents:

Rt. Hon. The Earl of Lytton, K.G., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.
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